



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

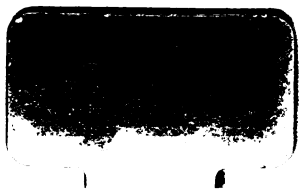
About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>

NYPL RESEARCH LIBRARIES



3 3433 07139339 5



B12 ✓
Lear



THE NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY

ASTOR. LENOX
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS.



Assisi—The Gateways of the Seraphic City

TRANSFER FROM C. D.

OCT

1915

ITALIAN LANES AND HIGHROADS

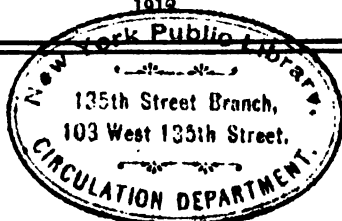
By
RUSSEL WOODWARD LEARY

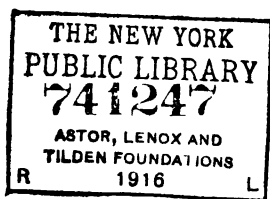


NEW YORK

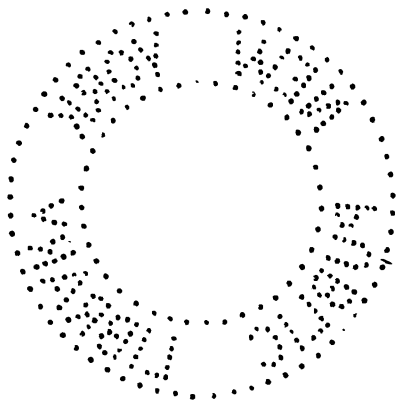
McBRIDE, NAST & COMPANY

1912





COPYRIGHT, 1912, BY
MCBRIDE, NAST & COMPANY



PUBLISHED DECEMBER, 1912

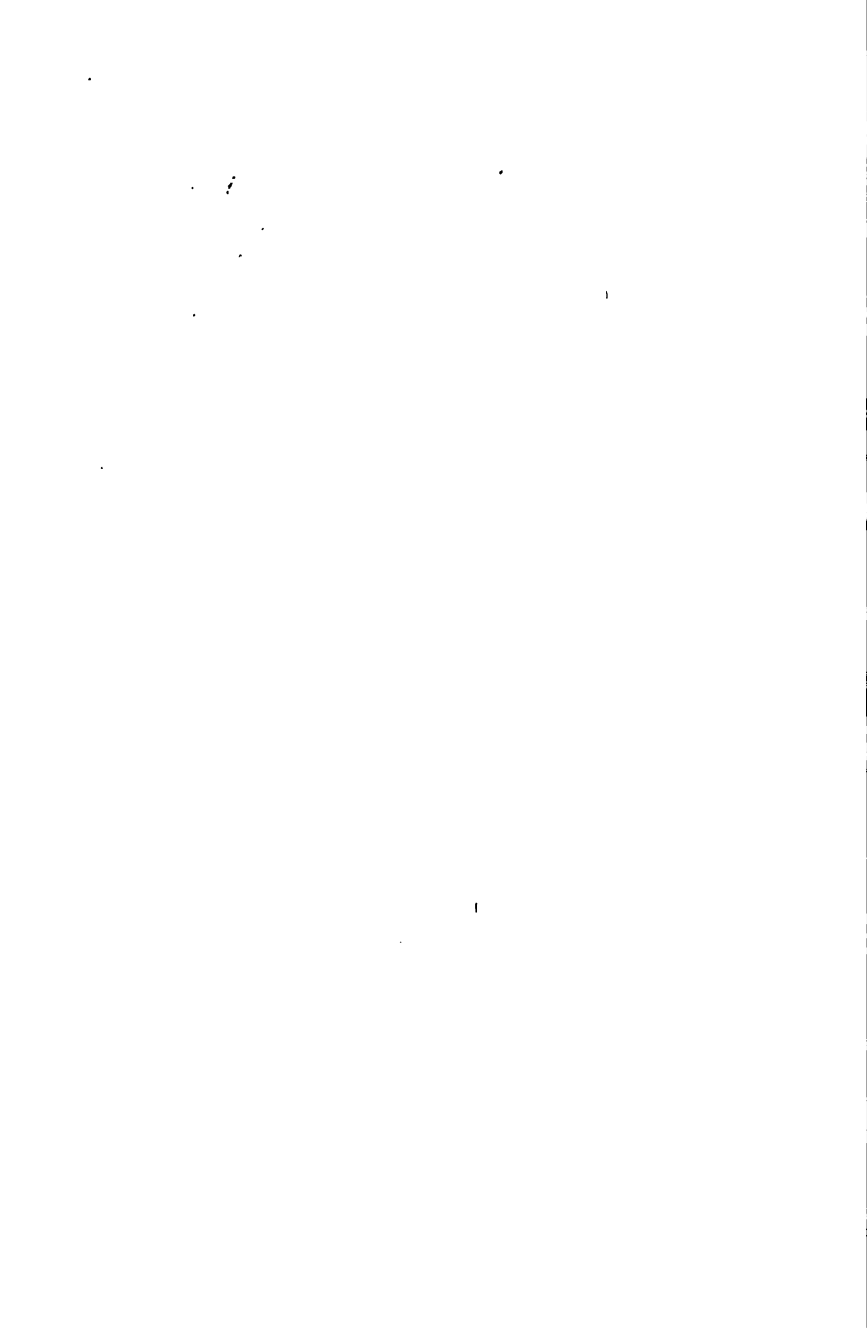
29210

514.5-

L10

cop. 2

THIS VOLUME
IS AFFECTIONATELY DEDICATED TO
AN ARDENT AND ENTHUSIASTIC
LOVER OF ITALY
MY MOTHER



CONTENTS

CHAPTER	PAGE
I. NOISY NAPLES	1
II. THE DEAD CITY AND THE LIVING MOUNTAIN	17
III. THE SORRENTINE PENINSULA	32
IV. ANCIENT ROME—THE MISTRESS OF THE WORLD	49
V. MEDIEVAL ROME—THE CHRISTIAN CITY	65
VI. MODERN ROME—THE ITALIAN CAPITAL	83
VII. THE WALLED TOWNS OF UMBRIA	97
VIII. THE SERAPHIC CITY	119
IX. TWO ETRUSCAN STRONGHOLDS	133
X. THE TOWERS OF TUSCANY	144
XI. FAIR FLORENCE	156
XII. PISA, GENOA AND BOLOGNA	170
XIII. THE ITALIAN LAKES	182
XIV. ACROSS NORTHERN ITALY	191
XV. THE CITY OF PLEASURE AND PATHOS	202

THE ILLUSTRATIONS

FACING PAGE

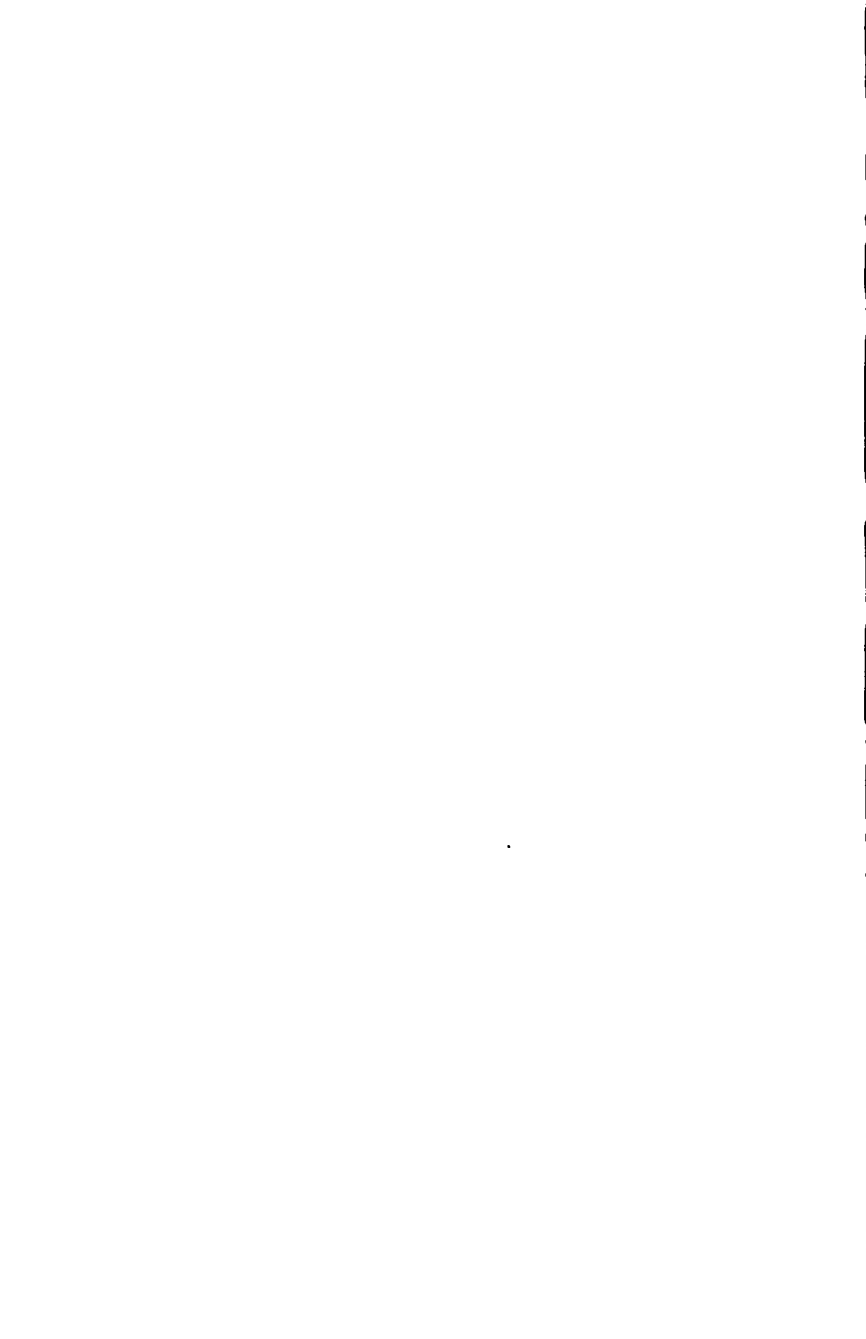
THE GATEWAYS OF ASSISI . . .	<i>Frontispiece</i>
A NEAPOLITAN CHARIOTEER	6
A STREET SCENE IN NAPLES	14
POMPEII—THE HOUSE OF THE VETTI . . .	24
THE CRATER OF VESUVIUS	30
AMALFI	40
VIEW FROM A PALACE COURTYARD AT RAVELLO	46
THE ROMAN FORUM	50
THE PALACES OF THE CÆSARS	56
SANT' ANGELO AND THE TIBER	72
THE MONKS' BURYING GROUND	76
PIAZZA DEL POPOLO	84
PIAZZA COLONNA	88
OXEN OF THE CLITUMNUS	108
TREVI—THE TYPICAL HILL TOWN	110
A STREET IN SPELLO	116
ASSISI—THE TEMPLE OF MINERVA	122
A LANE THROUGH THE OLIVE GROVES . . .	126
PERUGIA—A GLOOMY STREET	136
ETRUSCAN TOMBS AT ORVIETO	142

	FACING PAGE
SIENA—THE PALAZZO PUBBLICO . . .	146
BY-WAYS IN SAN GIMIGNANO . . .	152
ACROSS THE ROOFS OF FLORENCE . . .	158
FLORENCE—THE PONTE VECCHIO . . .	162
THE CATHEDRAL GROUP AT PISA . . .	172
GENOA—THE CAMPO SANTO . . .	176
AN ITALIAN LAKE VILLAGE . . .	184
A VILLA ON LAKE COMO . . .	188
ON THE ROOF OF MILAN CATHEDRAL . . .	194
THE MARKET PLACE AT VERONA . . .	196
VENICE—ONE OF THE SMALLER WATERWAYS	202
VENETIAN REFLECTIONS . . .	208

MAPS

	PAGE
THE VALLEY OF SPOLETO . . .	103
ITALY . . .	217

**ITALIAN LANES
AND
HIGHROADS**



PROPERTY OF THE
CITY OF NEW YORK

Italian Lanes and Highroads

I

NOISY NAPLES

THE quay at Naples is a medley of impressions, a kaleidoscope of colors, a babel of sounds.

To the traveler entering Italy for the first time it is both an invitation and an intimidation. Barefooted 'longshoremen rush about, fastening ropes, pushing back the crowd, shouting to each other or in answer to the stentorian orders from the bridge. Persistent peddlers hold up to view glowing oranges and great red cherries, and work themselves into an incomprehensible excitement as they bargain at the top of their voices with some steerage passengers who have let down a basket by a string for their purchases. A few more audacious hawkers have clambered, hand-over-hand, up by the swaying ropes to the deck; but hardly do they reach the rail before they are roughly seized by the sailors and hustled, protesting, off the ship. Several family groups, in bright holiday attire, have recognized returning rela-

ITALIAN LANES AND HIGHROADS

tives on board, and with all the voluble and vociferous expressions of the south are welcoming them home with laughter and weeping and loud inquiries for their health and for news of others left behind in far-off America. There are beggars everywhere—cripples, toothless old hags, pinched young women with squawking infants—they line the dock and call to the *signori* on the deck for pity and food and money, their constant plaintive wail giving a minor note to the symphony of sound. Ragged, brown-legged boys by the score dodge here and there, calling incessantly for “five cents!” “one dime!” “American money!” Near the stern is a group of three men twanging mandolins, while a young girl, gorgeously arrayed in a green skirt, yellow waist and blue shawl, sings “Santa Lucia” in a rich southern voice, and between verses inverts a large purple umbrella to catch the coins thrown to her from above. By the gangway is a host of hotel runners, in bright uniforms generously bedecked with gold braid, pointing to the names on their caps and each chanting in a loud, ceaseless monotone the name of his particular hostelry. Behind the howling, gesticulating, shouting mob of peddlers, beggars, ragamuffins, musicians, porters, runners, hawkers and general populace, stand two silent, statuesque figures, tall, well-built, handsome fellows in black uniforms and cocked hats, the background of every Neapolitan crowd—*carabinieri*, members of the famous State police of Italy.

NOISY NAPLES

When the formalities of the port are completed and the gangway lowered, the stranger descends, not without trepidation, into the howling, surging, roaring, yelling babel on the quay. The wise traveler selects the first *facchino* who offers himself, and accepts his guidance through the mob and out beyond it to the shadow of the custom-house. Once there, a heap is made of the luggage rescued to date, and the porter dispatched for the rest. Slowly all the trunks, suitcases, steamer rugs, hand-bags and parcels will be collected into a formidable pile, sufficient to load a small wagon. If you inquire of the porter who is to carry them all, he replies that *he* will—and the strange thing is that he does.

The Italian customs officials are almost as brilliantly arrayed as the hotel runners, but their examination, at least for foreigners, is very perfunctory. If one refuses to understand Italian, and insists on talking English (which they never understand) the ordeal is soon over. One bag is selected as a sample and the top opened, and if there are no cigars or matches in sight—government monopolies which are heavily taxed—an assurance that you have none is accepted and everything passed. Then your human pack-horse loads up again and leads you out through the gateway to the waiting carriage. Here one usually has his first experience with that perennial delight of Italian travel, a squabble over prices. The porter will take all he can get, and if you know

ITALIAN LANES AND HIGHROADS

the tariff and insist on paying accordingly, he will accept it grudgingly, expatiate on the great labor he has performed, and ask for a little more for "macaroni." Eventually he is paid off, the driver shouts the loiterers out of his path, whips up his horses, and you clatter away from the uproar of the dock into the pandemonium of the noisiest city of Europe.

Naples is divided into two parts by the heights of Sant' Elmo, a promontory, so to speak, of the surrounding hills, which juts out almost to the sea and separates the old eastern portion from the newer western section. The former contains the quarters of the countless crowded but picturesque poor, while the latter is occupied by the fine hotels and shops and the great park of the Villa Nazionale. The difference between East and West is, in general, similar to that with which we are familiar in London and New York, except that there is here no clearly defined line of demarcation. In no other city are the slums and the fine residences so inextricably mingled, in the same quarter, on the same street, sometimes even in the same vast building.

Just below Sant' Elmo and upon a slight elevation at the very center of the city, stands the royal palace. Its enormous flat rear wall, with its rows of countless windows all closed and shuttered, overlooks the arsenal and the docks. The clatter and dirt of the shipping below detract very much from the wonder-

NOISY NAPLES

ful view of the bay beyond, and it is not strange that the royal family very seldom come here.

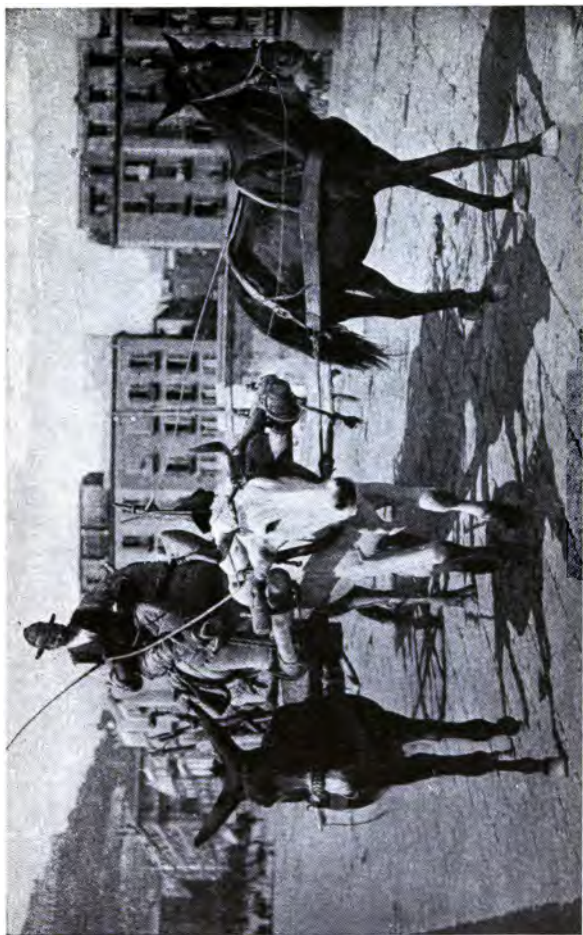
If we walk around to the front, where the two *bersaglieri*, with black rooster feathers in their hats, are always on guard, we may learn something of Neapolitan history. Along the façade of the palace, which has more ornamentation but no more beauty than the rear, are eight heroic statues in niches. They have no artistic merit whatever, but they present a peculiar study in the psychology of patriotism. They represent, in historical sequence, eight typical rulers of Naples, but not one of them is a Neapolitan, and only one, and he by adoption, an Italian. First comes Roger the Norman, who conquered and united all Southern Italy in the twelfth century. Next him is Frederick II., a Hohenstaufen from Germany, and beside him Charles I. of Anjou, who ruled by right of conquest. Then in order are Alphonso I. of the House of Aragon, and Charles V. of Spain, whose family ruled here for over two centuries. Beside him stands Charles III., representing the Bourbons, who next held Naples in subjection. Then comes Joachim Murat, made king by Napoleon. The last statue is of Victor Emmanuel II. of Savoy, who entered the city with Garibaldi in 1860 and was hailed by the people as their king in this very square before the palace, still called from that event the Piazza del Plebiscito.

Naples has changed very much in the past few

ITALIAN LANES AND HIGHROADS

years. Not only has the process of ripping out whole blocks of the most congested quarters, begun after the disastrous plague of 1884, been continued, leaving great yawning gaps here and there in the city; but the better class of Neapolitana, roused by the reputation of their city for beggary, extortion, swindling and thievery, have banded themselves together in a society called "Pro Napoli." With the aid of the municipal and police authorities, they are endeavoring to rid the city of its unenviable name by removing the causes. This difficult work has made amazing progress, and Naples to-day is far safer to one's temper and pocketbook, as well as life, than of yore. But the reformers, as one result of their efforts, are reducing the city to a dead, commonplace level, and destroying the picturesqueness which was formerly the one great charm of what otherwise is a very ordinary commercial city. The visitor of to-day, who knew the Naples of old, is astonished at the improvement—and saddened.

On my first visit I was fortunate in putting up at the extreme eastern end of the city, far from the tourist quarter, coral shops and afternoon teas. I stayed at a native hotel, patronized chiefly by Italian commercial travelers; but it had the counterbalancing advantage of overlooking the Piazza Garibaldi, where all day and all night throbbed and pulsed the full, exuberant life which was, and to a certain extent still is, the most striking characteristic of the city.



A Neapolitan Charioteer

THE NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY

ASTOR. LENOX
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS

NOISY NAPLES

The square at all times presented an animated scene. Rickety cabs rattled through it at break-neck speed, the drivers continually cracking and snapping the unconseionably long lashes of their whips about the ears of the tiny horses. Tram-cars of many lines, converging here, added the clang of their bells to the uproar. Clumsy, springless two-wheeled carts creaked under their heavy loads, drawn by nondescript teams of oxen, donkeys and men in various combinations. Herds of goats were driven past by the milkmen, who deliver their goods in Naples, if one may be allowed the expression, in the original package. At times a burst of military music would drown the other noises, while a regiment of soldiers marched by on their way to or from the barracks. Peddlers and hawkers lined the sidewalks; newsboys and porters surrounded the station entrances; beggars plied their calling everywhere. Black-robed priests, barefooted friars in brown habits, women in brilliantly colored shawls, representatives of every calling and of every grade in the social scale, made up the noisy, ever changing throng in the great square.

After sunset, in the cool of the evening, the dining-room of my hotel was moved bodily out on the sidewalk. Chairs and tables filled the space from wall to curb, white cloths were spread, and the evening meal served in full sight of the ever changing panorama. This is one of the charming native customs which is

ITALIAN LANES AND HIGHROADS

never, never observed in the fashionable West End of Naples. As I dined here, the whole of the lower stratum of Neapolitan life passed in review before me. No sooner was I seated than they began to gather; beggars, peddlers, and street gamins. The hotel boasted a tall, burly *conciierge* whose chief duty seemed to be to keep such riff-raff away from the place. He had a hard time while I was there, for I confess that I encouraged them surreptitiously whenever he was not looking.

Cerini! Cartoline postale! Ricordi di Napoli!—"Matches!" "Post cards!" "Souvenirs of Naples!"—and the peddlers descended in a swarm. They always asked several hundred per cent. more than they hoped to receive, and bargaining was expected. Once a young fellow tried to sell me some paltry souvenirs carved from Vesuvian lava. I did not want any of them, but out of curiosity I inquired the price of a tiny skull, suitable for a watch charm. *Cinque lire*, came the answer—five francs, about a dollar. The proper response was "It's too much," and the price began to fall. It came down half a *lira* at a time until it reached two *lire*, forty cents. Half in sport, I offered twenty-five *centesimi*, five cents! "Take it, *signore*, it's yours. It cost me far more, but for *signore* I will part with it for twenty-five *centesimi*." He laid it on his tray while he secured a piece of paper from his pocket, wrapped my purchase carefully, handed it to me, took the money and

speedily disappeared. When I unwrapped my prize, I found that, in place of the trinket I had bought after such prolonged effort, he had substituted a broken one.

Peddlers came and went at intervals, but the *ragazzi* were always there. The word means simply "boys," but it sounds just as those gamins of Naples looked. Bright little fellows they were, for the most part, with large, black eyes and attractive faces not yet marked by the poverty and vice which was to be their lot. Their raiment was nondescript, varied and original. One little chap, who turned cart-wheels for me for a quarter of an hour at a time, was clad in two trouser legs which had no connection with each other, and a coat many sizes too large for him, ripped up the back so that the two halves were held together only by the collar-band. Another had only a single but a more effective garment—a cast-off nightshirt which covered him from head to heel. One well-built lad of thirteen or fourteen wore simply a burlap bag tied around his waist with a bit of string. My chief grudge against the Pro Napoli movement is that it is now clothing the *ragazzi* of Naples in the commonplace garb of the ragamuffins of other cities.

What an existence these little beggars live! Their life is as timeless as that of the lilies of the field. There are no days in their week, no hours in their day, not even mealtime or bedtime. They eat when-

ITALIAN LANES AND HIGHROADS

ever they can beg or steal, or else go hungry. They sleep whenever and wherever the mood strikes them—at noon or at midnight, on the stone coping of the sea wall, or curled up on the cobbles in a secluded corner of the public square. No wonder they are happy! All day long they whistle and laugh and sing, ignorant, picturesque little philosophers who would outrival Diogenes. And then in a few years they grow up into worthless, vicious men, who make up the undesirable element among the Italian immigrants to America.

It is a far cry from the Piazza Garibaldi to the fashionable promenade in the Villa Nazionale. Here on a fine afternoon, when the band is playing, one sees the other extreme of Neapolitan life. The park is a beautiful, restful place, adorned with statues and embellished with palms and other tropical trees. Even on the warmest days there is a grateful coolness under the dense foliage, while the breeze sweeps in unimpeded from the near-by bay. On the fête days, which occur with such surprising frequency in the Neapolitan calendar, the Villa is full of people. Elegantly dressed ladies sip coffee at the café and chat with elderly officers in multicolored uniforms generously bedecked with gold lace; young bloods garbed in the very latest fashion carefully nurse the upward turn of budding mustaches, swing their ever-present canes and ogle the pretty girls; nursemaids in gorgeous caps, whose wide satin ribbons reach to their

NOISY NAPLES

heels, carry small infants gowned (there is no other word for it) in yards and yards of the richest lace; and always and everywhere there are hosts of children. These are not the *ragazzi* of the Piazza Garibaldi; not at all. They are finely, often richly, dressed, their behavior and manners are unimpeachable and, as a class, they are the most beautiful children in the world. They have clear olive complexions and very regular features, but their most striking characteristic is their great, wide, wondering, black eyes.

Between the park and the sea runs the Via Caracciolo, one of the most beautiful boulevards of Europe. On one side is the brilliant green of the semi-tropical foliage and the massed flowers of the Villa; on the other the azure sweep of the sparkling bay, stretching out its graceful curve from Posilipo on the west, past frowning Vesuvius to the sapphire mountains of the Sorrentine peninsula, beyond whose farthest tip floats the opalescent isle of Capri.

This is the most popular drive in all Naples, so much so that the tariff for the *corso* is about three times the usual cab fare. The *corso* is a typically Italian institution. It consists in driving in the fashionable street, at the fashionable hour, with the fashionable set of society. In Naples this means the Via Caracciolo just before sunset. It is the proper and correct thing for everybody to take part in it. The middle-class, bourgeois Italian, who cannot af-

ford to keep a carriage, will deny himself almost the necessities of life that he and his family may be seen occasionally, in a hired rig, in the *corso*.

Following the sea eastward from the Villa Nazionale, we pass the foreigners' quarter—shops and tourist agencies and large, well-appointed hotels facing the bay—and come to the picturesque Castello dell'Ovo, which features in nearly all views of Naples. The gray walls of the old fortress rise from the almost as perpendicular, and similarly gray, rocks of the tiny islet just off the shore. The "Castle of the Egg" is very ancient and has played its part in the variegated history of the region. This island was formerly within the confines of the famous Garden of Lucullus, where Cicero and Brutus met in that portentous interval between the death of Cæsar and the Battle of Philippi. History says that the fortress was built in the early Middle Ages, and enlarged and repaired by many of the conquerors who held it. But, as so often in Italy, tradition has a more romantic story. It was formerly believed that the castle was constructed by magic by the sorcerer Vergil, and was by him balanced on an egg in the sea. To-day the Italian government has put a damper on all romantic enthusiasm by converting what is left of the fortress into a military prison, and in place of the fair damsels and brave knights of old, only convicts now look out from the barred windows.

Opposite, on the mainland, with which the erst-

NOISY NAPLES

while islet is now connected by a causeway, is the district of Santa Lucia, famed in song and story. Here, too, progress has dispelled romance. The picturesque old rookeries have been torn down, the unsavory region has been cleansed, and the Bay of Santa Lucia has been filled in to give more room for ugly new tenements. In Naples, sanitation and poetry do not seem to be able to exist together.

Just above disinfected Santa Lucia rises the vast old palace, which is now useful only as a landmark and to give employment to a small army of caretakers. The large Piazza del Plebiscito before it is bare and uninteresting, except when the band plays here of a summer evening. Then the usually empty square fills with life. Opening out from this unattractive place is the tiny Piazza San Ferdinando, just at the corner of the palace, between the Opera House and the Galleria. This is the busiest spot in Naples, for all the traffic of the town from east to west and from west to east must pass through it. The city resembles a huge hour-glass of which this square is the narrowest part, and the stream of human sands never ceases. Here converge all the tram and omnibus lines, and many a tourist begins his acquisition of the Italian language with the name "San Ferdinando."

Straight north from this *piazza* runs the most crowded and interesting street in Naples, the Via Roma. In former days it was the famous Toledo,

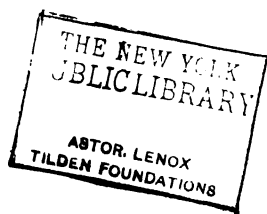
ITALIAN LANES AND HIGHROADS

but the old name, with its unpleasant memories of Spanish domination, has now been officially obliterated. Along this narrow thoroughfare there passes all day and most of the night a ceaseless procession of smart carriages and dingy cabs, luxurious automobiles and rough, springless carts and rattling omnibuses. The scanty sidewalks are crowded with a motley throng, which overflows into the street and often dodges, perforce, among the swiftly moving vehicles. All the varied social grades of the city mingle here—well-dressed ladies and gentlemen, dapper little officers with clanking swords, wizened hags with great loads borne on their heads, black-cassocked priests, handsome *carabinieri* hunting always in couples, hawkers, peddlers, newsboys and brown-legged, bright-eyed *ragazzi*.

Out to the left from the Via Roma run frequent, steep byways which lead to the heart of typical old Naples. These narrow alleys wind between enormous tenements, sometimes eight or nine stories high, the tallest dwellings in all Europe. In these great rookeries are housed incredible multitudes of people, for the southern Italians seem to be able to live and thrive in a state of congestion which hardly any other race could endure. The buildings have very thick walls of native stone, covered with stucco. The ground floor, which usually has no interior connection with the rest of the house, is used as a shop, or sometimes as a stable. These dingy shops are lighted



A Street Scene in Naples



NOISY NAPLES

only through the open doorway, and behind is customarily the sleeping and living room of the shop-keeper's numerous family, lighted and aired (!) from the shop. Many of these buildings are very old, but they are so substantial that they seem to last forever. Here, in semi-darkness and complete filth, live the *popoli* of Naples.

There is an Italian proverb, *Dove non ci entra il sole, ci entra il medico*—"Where the sun does not enter, the doctor does." If this is true, the medical profession here is kept pretty busy—or would be if the Neapolitans lived in their houses. But, at least in summer, they appear to live anywhere else, with a marked preference for the streets. The tall tenements empty their whole population into the bottom of the narrow cañons between them, and in the labyrinthine alleys and cluttered courtyards near the Via Roma one can study the picturesque Neapolitan street life at its best, or—depending on the point of view—at its worst.

Let us turn aside from the roar of the busy street and take a glimpse into one of these by no means silent byways. We need go only a few yards to find a typical scene. A group of women sit in the shade, sewing and knitting; a younger woman nurses her infant as she chats with them; on the doorsill sits another, holding the tousled head of a child in her lap—hunting. In the corner a noisy group of men lounge at a table, playing the favorite game of *lotto*. An-

ITALIAN LANES AND HIGHROADS

other party is seated in the street, shaking dice. Near by are several women bending over a mass of rags in a couple of wash-tubs and hanging the clothes on every available projection. Not far away, several men are sprawled out on the stone pavement, fast asleep. Close by them a huckster is bawling in his loudest tones the virtues of his fresh artichokes and garlics. On the other side of the alley, a family is seated around an unsavory mess of macaroni in a large pan, making their midday meal with the aid of a bottle of red wine, which is passed from lip to lip. Just beyond, a creaky street-piano turns out the airs of an Italian opera beside a heavily loaded donkey, which is braying its disapproval of the tune. Before the piano, under the gaming table, beside the wash-tubs, behind the huckster, among the gossiping women, on the doorstep, in the refuse of the gutter, everywhere are children—small children, large children, ragged children, naked children, beautiful children, deformed children, infants in arms, boys and girls, yelling, playing, shouting, quarreling, begging, gambling, fighting, sleeping, unwashed and underfed, cuffed and cursed and beaten, perhaps, but all as happy as the day is long in the simple joy of living under the sweet Italian sky, in the soft southern air which is wafted up, somewhat polluted in its course, from the beautiful bay below.

II

THE DEAD CITY AND THE LIVING MOUNTAIN

THE genius of the Bay of Naples is Vesuvius. It is not only the most prominent feature of the landscape: it is also the monster whose smile or frown makes or mars the fortunes of the thousands who dwell in its shadow, and whose rage often means their death. Not lofty as mountains go, Vesuvius is the most personal of all mountains. It is impossible to think of it as an inanimate mass of lava and ashes. Rather is he a gigantic demon, who lives and breathes and moves—a capricious demon of changeful moods, now letting little humans crawl over his great hulk like some genial Gulliver, now, like an enraged Cyclops, hurling huge rocks at their fleeing crowds, now blotting out the sky with fearful clouds of ashes, which later settle on the green earth and add to its fertility. He has played many pranks through the ages; for one of which he deserves our gratitude, the preservation, beneath the blanket with which he enfolds himself, of a whole Roman city.

Pompeii lies far to the south of Naples, on the other side of Vesuvius and some distance from its

ITALIAN LANES AND HIGHROADS

base. Between the living city and the dead, stretch fifteen miles of gently curving shore-line, dotted with tiny villages whose very names are music—Portici, Torre del Greco, Boscorecase, Torre Annunziata. Bold villages these, rebuilt time and again upon their own ruins, but still flinging defiance at the monster which can destroy but not intimidate them.

There are two routes to Pompeii; one by the main line of the railway, which follows the shore, and the other by the narrow-gauge electric road, the *Ferrovia Circumvesuviana*, higher up on the slope between the mountain and the sea. Each is interesting in its own way, but the narrow gauge gives finer views of the volcano. The Vesuvian villages should not, however, be missed. Each is a slice of Naples in miniature. Unlike most of the villages of Europe, they are as compact and crowded as a city; and they teem with the same picturesque life as their greater neighbor. In town, village or farm, the style of architecture in this changeless region is the same; the houses vary only in size. Each is a square stone box, with stone floors and stone roof, and a few square openings for windows and doors. The outside is overlaid with stucco and whitewashed, or, in the case of villas, painted in gorgeous colors and covered with elaborate floral designs. Not only is this the universal style now, but it always has been. The houses of ancient Pompeii were built in the same way.

The open country is even more interesting than

DEAD CITY AND LIVING MOUNTAIN

the towns. This is a wonderfully fertile region. The same death-dealing showers of ashes that bury the houses and blot out the landmarks of the fields, add to the exhausted earth those very elements upon which the most luxuriant vegetation thrives. We have hardly left the last of Naples behind us before we enter the vast garden from whose very center rises gaunt, sterile Vesuvius. Truck farms, orchards, vineyards and fields of grain cover the lava-flows of former centuries. If the Neapolitans seem a lazy, shiftless race, basking in the sun and feeding upon the bounty of the charitable, their cousins just outside the town are the most industrious of peoples. Here men, women and children work together in the fields from sunrise to sunset.

All day, too, the patient, indefatigable donkey walks blindfold in an endless circle about the well, drawing the tiny trickle of water up into the little irrigation ditches and adding the one thing not supplied by otherwise prodigal nature. These wells are a characteristic feature of the Neapolitan Campagna. Inside the round stone curb, a simple mechanism connects the pole, to which the donkey is hitched, with an endless chain. This bears little cups, which bring the water to the surface, pour it into a reservoir and then descend for more. The southern Italians are said—and justly so—to be habitually cruel to their beasts; but I have noticed that the circular paths around the wells are always shaded by rough

ITALIAN LANES AND HIGHROADS

bowers, so that these poor, blindfold donkeys at least work in the shade.

A great eruption of Vesuvius leaves its mark for years. The traces of that of 1906 are still plainly visible. At that time, an enormous amount of ashes was deposited over all the surrounding country, in some places to a depth of several feet. The roads have been cleared to their former level, but the peasants replanted the gardens and vineyards on the top of the new layer of ashes, which in some places still fills the fields to the top of the high stone walls. Many of the houses whose roofs were crushed by the superincumbent weight still stand unrepaired and vacant. At Boscotrecase, where the lava stream cut its way right through the town, only the church had been restored at the time of my last visit. Here scores of houses stood tenantless, buried up to their second stories in black, crumbling lava—mute witnesses to the destructive fury of the demon when he is aroused.

The modern town at Pompeii, on the main line of the railway, consists chiefly of hotels and restaurants; and the traveler who arrives by the *Circumvesuviana*, at the back door, as it were, of the excavations, misses little except guides and importunate beggars. But, in any case, these are soon left behind when one pays the uniformed official at the gate two and a half *lire*—for the best fifty cents' worth in the world—and passes through the turnstile. It

DEAD CITY AND LIVING MOUNTAIN

is worthy of remark that the Italian government devotes all the money received from admissions to the preservation and maintenance of the ruins, and to the work of excavating further portions of the town.

Pompeii is not like any other place on earth. It is not to be hurried through with a crowd. Rather should one linger in its solitudes alone, or in company with some silent, congenial soul. The pleasure here is not only in seeing, but in feeling. Nowhere else are we so close to the immortal past; not merely the past of imperial Rome and purple Cæsars and conquering legions, but the past of very human men and women—burly shopkeepers who sold wine over these marble counters, brown-eyed baker boys who turned these clumsy flour mills, care-free aristocrats who dined luxuriously in these red-walled banqueting rooms or lingered all the livelong day in these sumptuous baths, two thousand years ago. From its every stone, Pompeii, the city of the dead, speaks of life.

When you enter, you see before you a long, straight street. If you are unfortunate enough to have a guide, he will rush you through it, saying that there is nothing of interest here—you must see the forum and the House of Pansa! He is wrong. The “sights” of Pompeii are all right in their way, and should under no circumstances be missed; but do not hurry. There are many things here to which the guide is blind. A hundred to one that he never sees the poppies and the lizards! This street is like

ITALIAN LANES AND HIGHROADS

scores of others—in Pompeii. But it is unlike any other elsewhere in the world. It is paved with great slabs of lava, not squared, but roughly fitted together, smoothed by the traffic of long ago, and worn deep where many wheels have run. At the corners are huge stepping-stones, over a foot in height, which were so placed that the wheels passed between them, while the horses had to climb over. The sidewalks, too, are high; for in time of heavy rain these narrow streets became raging torrents. On both sides are stumps of houses, their stucco gone, but otherwise not very different from those destroyed by Vesuvius in its latest outbreak. For this is the poorer quarter of the town, and the dwellings are simple in design; two shops in front, and a passage between them to the living-rooms. Within, the plaster has fallen from the walls of brick or rubble, which now an occasional scarlet poppy endeavors to brighten with the original color. The floors are overgrown with grass and ferns, except in the far corner where there is a fragment of mosaic upon which a bright green lizard basks, cocks up its head at our approach, and is gone. At first the appearance and disappearance of these tiny sprites gives one a start; but before long even the timid traveler comes to have a friendly feeling, amounting almost to affection, for the beautiful little creatures. If there is any truth in the theory of transmigration of souls, all the Pompeians who perished in the awful cataclysm of 79 A. D. have

DEAD CITY AND LIVING MOUNTAIN

surely returned to their old haunts again in the form of green lizards.

The best view of the town and the surrounding country is obtained from the topmost aisle of the Tragic Theater, the tallest building now standing. It was, in all probability, first constructed by the Greeks, who once held this region; and, although later altered by the Romans, it is still essentially Greek, the counterpart of the Theater of Dionysos at Athens. From the wide, grass-carpeted esplanade above the upper seats we can see the bay, which once washed the walls of the town, but now glistens in the distance a mile away. On the other side, across the intervening fields and luxuriant orchards, smiles old Vesuvius; now in one of his gentler moods, but with a tiny wisp of smoke above his head, forever intimating that what has happened once may some day occur again.

Just below the Tragic Theater is the smaller Comic Theater, seating only fifteen hundred spectators as compared with its neighbor's five thousand. It was formerly roofed over, a typically Roman addition to the original Greek style of architecture. Also in full view from here are the barracks of the gladiators. This is a large, square building, and all its rooms open inward upon the courtyard, where the brawny fighters used to practise for the sports and contests of the arena.

It is not far from here to the forum, a large square

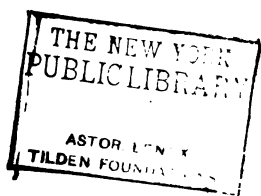
ITALIAN LANES AND HIGHROADS

surrounded by temples and market places, by public offices and courts of law. Even in its prime it was principally brick and mortar; to-day it is but foundations and fragments. For us, the interest of Pompeii lies rather in its intimate glimpses of the household life of the old days. It is impossible not to contrast the forum here with that at Rome, beside which this public mart of a small country town sinks into insignificance. On the other hand, the Eternal City, in all its vast extent, cannot show a single ancient bakery or wine shop, and hardly a private house comparable to those found by the score in Pompeii.

There is, however, one temple here which has a peculiar fascination; it is so redolent of mystery and so reminiscent of the spell cast by the East over the dying days of the Roman Republic. This is the Temple of Isis, a tiny structure set up on a lofty base in the center of a grassy courtyard, and hidden from the view of the profane by a high wall. What strange rites were performed here? Did the decadent Romans find a solace in the Egyptian goddess which their own Olympians had ceased to give? What was the purpose of the mysterious openings, which seem to lead down into the bowels of the earth? We are tempted to descend into them to see; but the broken steps are overgrown with slippery moss, the dank walls are wet with slime, and the narrow passages are choked with ferns; so, baffled, we turn back to the light of day.



Pompeii—The House of Vettii



DEAD CITY AND LIVING MOUNTAIN

Almost all the artistic and archeological treasures unearthed at Pompeii have been transported to Naples, where they find in the museum a resting-place safe from marauding bands of tourists. In one house, however, under the eyes of half a dozen watchful guards, all the furniture and frescoes have been left just as they were found. This Casa dei Vettii looks to-day very much as it did in those early peaceful times before the ominous storm-clouds from Vesuvius' summit cast an inky blackness over the landscape. There are, to be sure, some marks of ruin here, broken columns and crumbled walls. But to the traveler entering the House of the Vettii from the void streets of Pompeii, it is not the destruction but the preservation that is striking. We pass through the well-paved *atrium* into a grassy courtyard, the peristyle. Here brilliant beds of flowers are blooming, choice statues stand upon their carved pedestals, and grotesque fountains spout their tiny streams into marble basins, just as they did two thousand years ago. The water is, in many cases, brought to these fountains through the same leaden pipes which supplied them in the days when the wealthy Pompeian owner enjoyed this charming home.

On a generous scale, as befitted a family of substantial means, the Casa dei Vettii is typical of all Pompeian residences. The bedrooms are tiny, windowless boxes, which could be hermetically sealed at night by simply closing the door, thus proving the

ITALIAN LANES AND HIGHROADS

ancient and aristocratic lineage of the modern Italian superstition that night air is unhealthy. On the other hand, the rooms for use by day are open to the sky. The peristyle, with its fountains and flowers, was the drawing-room. But it was upon the *triclinium* that the owner expended all the wealth and art at his command, for here was enacted the most important of the ceremonies of decadent Rome, that of dining.

We must believe that the Pompeians were not a gifted people; rather were they an indolent race, devoted to ease and pleasure in a languid, suburban fashion. They never produced great artists, but they employed clever artisans, expert craftsmen who excelled in mural decoration. The wall-paintings of Pompeii are even to-day a never-failing source of delight. The houses are adorned with Hercules, Agamemnon and Achilles; Bacchus, Apollo and Venus; nymphs, dryads and cupids; battle scenes, hunting scenes and love scenes—in reds and yellows as brilliant and vivid as the greens and blues of Italian out-of-doors. The *triclinium*, or banquet hall, of the House of the Vettii is the most charming in the city, for the wall-paintings are still in place, and the stranger can appreciate them much better in their original surroundings than as formal exhibits in a museum. The Frieze of the Cupids is the most famous and best known of ancient paintings. These very human little immortals are exceedingly busy at

DEAD CITY AND LIVING MOUNTAIN

all sorts of solemn and humorous tasks, throwing stones and selling garlands, pressing out wine at the vintage, engaging in chariot races, fighting duels on goat-back and helping little Psyche gather posies. This may not be the highest graphic art, but it is consummate decoration.

Just before leaving the House of the Vettii, wink at the guard at the door, nod mysteriously over your left shoulder, and jingle the loose change in your pocket. He will understand, take down a key from a nail, and introduce you into the inner, intimate portion of the mansion, where the public was not, and is not, admitted. I shall not tell you what you will see there; and after you have seen it you will not mention it often. But it will give you a different idea of Pompeii. The town was not only beautiful, pleasure-loving and indolent; it was sensual, pagan, evil—another Sodom. Perhaps, after all, old Vesuvius knew what he was about.

The mountain is in full view from all parts of the ruins, and although several miles of smiling, fertile plain lie between the ancient city and its arch-enemy, the volcano forms the background of all the most fascinating glimpses of Pompeii. Gradually Vesuvius weaves its spell about the traveler, until he becomes seized with the desire for a closer acquaintance.

The ascent used to be a difficult expedition, beset with fatigue, extortion and beggars. To-day, it is

ITALIAN LANES AND HIGHROADS

very easy, from the moment one starts from Naples in a *train de luxe* provided with armchairs and plate-glass windows, until he stands on the coveted summit. At Resina, we leave the *Circumvesuviana* for the tramway, which has been constructed by an enterprising English tourist agency, and climb the mountain in a trolley car. From the dust and glare of the noisy village, we speed out into the country along the clean white road, between green orchards and vineyards. Soon, however, we reach the lava. Volcanic dust quickly becomes fertile and bears rich yields of fruit; but it takes years for the hardened lava to disintegrate sufficiently to support vegetation. The flows of 1858, 1872 and other years are clearly distinguishable, as of course are the great lava streams of the recent eruption of 1906.

Leaving the region of cultivation below, the tram-car climbs bravely up over the barren slag, receiving help in the steeper places from a rack and pinion, and approaches the Royal Observatory. This outpost of civilization in its ceaseless warfare with the mountain is set high upon an isolated peak on the shoulder of Vesuvius. Its lofty situation has preserved the intrepid scientists from the white-hot rivers of lava, but not from the almost insufferable gases and showers of ashes which accompany the eruptions. Below the observatory, the car makes the last turn, and runs thence, almost on a level, to the end of the line at the foot of the cone which caps the mountain.

DEAD CITY AND LIVING MOUNTAIN

From this point, the view is superb. The countless villages which dot the magnificent sweep of shore-line lose all their grime and squalor when seen from this height, and gleam and glisten snow-white in the sun. Even Naples, surrounded by its green hills, takes on a beauty which is not its own. Beyond the distant horns of the crescent bay, the guardian isles, Ischia and Capri, are moored upon the broad bosom of the Mediterranean. Our gaze wanders from point to point, finding new beauties everywhere; and then comes back to the green vineyards on the lower slopes of Vesuvius, and still nearer to the sterile fields of black, crumbling lava at our feet.

After the dense black clouds, which had concealed the crater during all the terrific eruption of 1906, cleared away, there was no trace of the handiwork of man to be seen on the mountain. A few years earlier, when I first made the ascent, there was a large, comfortable hotel just at the end of the tram line and a cable railway thence to the summit. We did not, however, use the funicular to ascend the cone. It was not running. An eruption was even then in progress, and the owners of the line naturally did not care to take the chance of having a mass of white-hot lava crash through the roof of the car on the heads of the passengers. There were, to be sure, other conveniences for those who wished them, namely sedan-chairs and straps. These last add much to the picturesqueness of the mountain. A burly Italian

ITALIAN LANES AND HIGHROADS

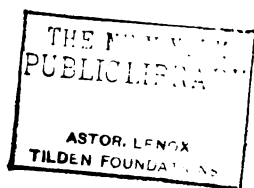
takes a firm grip on a bit of strap a couple of feet long, throws the end over his shoulder, and two-hundred-odd pounds of tourist clings frantically to it. The guide starts up, and the avoirdupois follows. Being a lightweight, however, I walked up unassisted.

In those days, it was only half a mile from the foot of the cone to the top, and Vesuvius has since considerably reduced the distance by blowing off several hundred feet from the summit; but for real strenuous exercise I know of nothing that beats this climb. The sides of the cone rise at an angle of thirty-five degrees, and they are entirely composed of fine, soft, black ashes. You step out bravely, plant your foot on the surface, and it sinks down over the shoe-top. You strike out with the other foot, and it also goes down out of sight. In the effort to extricate one leg, the other sinks deeper. A half-mile of such climbing, up a very steep mountain side, is a memorable experience.

As we approached the summit, we began to appreciate the fact that an eruption was going on. Every minute or two there was a low growling beneath our feet, which grew to a mighty roar; and then from the crater there shot high into the air a shower of stones and molten lava, which spread out fan-like on all sides and fell to earth. At first it was somewhat disconcerting to see the "bombs," as they are called, descending all about us. But we soon became accustomed to them, looked up at each



The Crater of Vesuvius



DEAD CITY AND LIVING MOUNTAIN

explosion to see that none was coming too close for comfort, and then went calmly on. I can only imagine what would happen if one should ever strike anybody, for many of the bombs weighed over a hundred pounds, and their temperature was somewhere in the neighborhood of 2,000 degrees Fahrenheit. As it happened, none fell at all near us, although we spent an hour at the summit, within the danger zone.

Owing to the severity of the eruption, the official guards would not permit any one to approach within two hundred feet of the edge of the crater; but it was not necessary for them to use force that day to keep any one away. We contented ourselves with dodging bombs—a really exciting pastime—and watching the guides make impressions in the hot lava with copper coins. This latter amusement soon palls, for the guides keep the coins! A tiny new lava stream had just broken out through the side of the cone, and, shielding our faces partially from the terrific heat, we ventured near enough to the oozing, fiery liquid to stir it with a stick, and thus gain some faint impression of the tremendous flames within the living mountain beneath our feet.

It was worth toiling up the steep cone for the exhilaration of coming down again. We simply ran at full speed, with giant strides twenty to thirty feet long, the soft ashes making the landing sure and easy. The ascent consumed about three-quarters of an hour; the descent, something under four minutes.

III

THE SORRENTINE PENINSULA

AROUND the southern shores of the Bay of Naples the vegetation is more luxuriant than it is near the city; nature is more prodigal of her favors, the colors are deeper and the beauty more sensuous. Here, embowered among groves of orange and lemon trees and fragrant gardens, Sorrento basks upon her towering cliffs. As old as Roman times, the village is now small and uninteresting in itself. It boasts the birthplace of the poet Tasso, the residence of the late Marion Crawford, fancy woodwork under the patronage of Her Majesty the Queen, and fancy prices under the manipulation of the hotel keepers.

After luncheon we went to the Piazza Tasso, which is adorned with the bust of the only great Sorrentino, to secure a carriage for the drive to Amalfi and Ravello. The tiny square, glaring in the noonday sun, is surrounded by the municipal buildings, souvenir shops and small restaurants usually found in Italian villages. On one side rise the green-clad slopes of the mountains, on the other, through the

THE SORRENTINE PENINSULA

orchards in a cleft of the cliffs, is caught a distant glimpse of the blue bay far below. As soon as we let our wants be known we became the center of interest. There were only two vehicles available, a small one-horse *carrozza* and a larger *vettura* with two animals. Each driver began at once to extol the virtues of his rig and to give reasons why we should under no circumstances consider the other. *Buon cavallo, molto buon cavallo!*—"a fine horse, a very fine horse"—repeated the owner of the single carriage and of the under-fed, over-worked animal attached to it.

"That animal!" interrupted the other. "He wouldn't reach Ravello in a week. Take him if you wish, but you will spend the night at Positano."

This nearly precipitated a fight, for the drivers forgot their bargaining and turned their attention to each other. But a gendarme arrived in time to prevent bloodshed. With a placidity rare among Italian officials, he held the scales of even-handed justice, and insisted that each give the other an uninterrupted opportunity to expatiate upon the advantages of his vehicle, after which the *signori* would decide the momentous question upon its merits. So, under the impartial umpiring of the arm of the law, the game continued. Cabby number one, irritated by the taunts of his rival, rashly agreed to get us to Ravello by six o'clock that evening or forego all payment. Upon strength of this unusual offer we engaged him, piled in our luggage, and drove off.

ITALIAN LANES AND HIGHROADS

Number two, disappointed of what he considered his lawful prey, fired a parting shot at us to the effect that the *buon cavallo* would not reach Ravello in three days. As the sequel shows, he was right.

Beyond Sorrento the road from the mainland loses itself among the hills and ends in a *cul de sac*. In order to cross to the southern shore of the peninsula, it is necessary to drive back toward Castellammare di Stabia and then, where the mountains are lowest, traverse a pass to the other side of the ridge, and so along the Bay of Salerno to Amalfi. From there, we knew that we must somehow scale the heights, in order to reach the ultimate goal of our journey.

We started off bravely. We dashed along the winding dusty road at the top of the cliffs, between the high walls which here shut out the view, and through the tiny whitewashed villages of the Piano di Sorrento, in continual danger of running over the chickens, goats, sheep and children which constituted their only visible population. Before long the road turned inland and began the steep climb over the backbone of the peninsula. Now the stone walls were left behind, and we passed instead between open orchards and vineyards. It was May, and the oranges and lemons were just approaching ripeness, great golden globes that weighted down the trees and glowed in the sunlight against their background of burnished greenery like the apples of the Hesperides. Far above bent the azure dome of the Italian sky, and

THE SORRENTINE PENINSULA

apparently as far below spread the azure waters of the level bay. The higher we climbed, the wider opened out the view, until at last we reached the 'Albergo dei Due Golfi at the summit and glimpsed ahead the gleaming waters of the Bay of Salerno.

The Sorrentine peninsula is formed by a wayward ridge of the Apennines which has turned away from the main range and run out to sea all by itself. The narrow, rocky promontory, twelve miles long on the northern side and twenty-five on the southern, consists of piled-up cliffs and crags and mountain peaks, with here and there a sheltered, fertile valley nestling among them. At the loftiest point, Monte Sant' Angelo rises to the very respectable height of 4,700 feet. Toward the Bay of Naples the slopes are gradual, dotted with frequent villages and extensive orchards; but to the south the sheer mountains drop off precipitously to the sea, the few hamlets are tucked away in ravines at their feet, and soil is very scarce and very precious.

After resting our *buon cavallo* at the Tavern of the Two Bays, we took our last look back toward Naples and then dashed down the steep, winding road to the southern shore. Directly ahead were three rocky islets, treeless and featureless, but far from uninteresting, for here dwelt once upon a time the sirens, who lured mariners to their doom and almost beguiled the indomitable Ulysses. To-day the white-sailed fisher boats flit by unscathed, and the lapping

ITALIAN LANES AND HIGHROADS

of the wavelets on the rocks is the only music on the isles where the sirens sang.

At the end of the sharp descent, the road turns eastward along the coast toward Amalfi. The Italian government has spent vast sums of money on this drive, for it was no easy task to construct a highway along these miles of almost perpendicular cliff. As it follows the folds and sinuosities of the shore line, the road is far from straight or level. Now it bends in a wide curve around the slopes of a sheltered bay, now it skirts the cliffs of a far-flung headland; at times it descends almost to the level of the glistening sea, at times it rises toward the towering peaks to find a foothold along the face of a dizzy precipice. But ever it keeps unfolding new and wonderful panoramas of lofty mountains and ruined castles and placid sea.

Positano was the first stopping place. We paused here for a few minutes, partly to buy post cards, and partly to rest our "good horse," for although we had four hours' drive ahead of us, he was tiring rapidly. Positano is situated, like all the towns on this shore of the peninsula, in a cleft of the rocky coast line. Rounding the promontory which shelters it on the west, the traveler sees below him the whole of the white little village clinging to the steep sides of the ravine. The houses rise one above the other from the narrow beach to the cliffs which close the valley on the landward side. They are picturesquely

THE SORRENTINE PENINSULA

clustered at odd intervals, wherever a slight irregularity of the rocks can be made to serve as a foothold for the foundations. Wood is scarce, for with the exception of the ravines about Atrani, there is hardly a timber tree on the whole southern shore of the Sorrentine Peninsula. The houses are necessarily constructed of stone; and in the absence of wooden beams for the roofs, the dwellings are covered with low domes, which give to the village a strangely un-Italian and Oriental appearance.

Indeed, this part of Italy has in the past often been under the influence of the East. Greek temples are still standing at Pæstum, and during the Middle Ages many of the near-by towns were at times in the hands of the Saracen invaders, who crossed from Africa by way of Sicily and attacked the Sorrentine Peninsula. Every isolated rock along the coast still bears the crumbling ruins of an ancient tower, where for centuries constant watch was kept for the approach of these Moorish pirates.

There are not many villages now, for the land will support but few inhabitants. Agriculture is here an arduous and precarious pursuit. In fact, no one but the industrious Italian would think of cultivating these crags and precipices. Yet we saw scores of men and women working in their fields and orchards—if such they could be called—tiny patches of soil in corners and crevices of the rocks, held up by stout retaining-walls whose area was often larger

ITALIAN LANES AND HIGHROADS

than that of the land they supported. Many of these plots were only five or ten feet long. But nature has smiled on this region, built a mountain rampart to shut off the northern winds, tilted up the coast to face the southern sun, and spread the sea about to insure an abundant rainfall.

Alas, it is sometimes too abundant! Only a few months before my visit, the clouds had suddenly opened and poured out such torrents as the world has seldom seen. These mountain slopes were covered deep with rushing sheets of water, which swept down everything in their path. Scores and hundreds of tiny vineyards and lemon groves, each the sole support and hope of a family, were washed bodily down into the sea. The solid roadway was, in some places, shorn off from the cliff as by a gigantic knife. But the greatest disaster was at Minori, a little beyond Amalfi. This village, like the rest, clings to the sides of a deep ravine. The waters from all the surrounding mountainsides rushed down here in a concentrated torrent, picking up great rocks which would have barred its course, and carrying them along as if they had been chips. When the flood reached the town, it tore straight through it, ripping the heavy stone houses to pieces, and bearing the debris out to sea on its crest. Where the thickly clustered homes of the villagers had been, the storm left only a clean-cut path, strewn here and there with the boulders brought down from the heights above. Some of these rocks,

[38]

THE SORRENTINE PENINSULA

deposited by the flood in the streets of the town, were fifteen and twenty feet in diameter, and could be removed only by blasting them to pieces.

The pathetic traces of this awful disaster met us all along the road. Men were busy in many places rebuilding the shattered retaining-walls and gathering up in baskets the earth which had been washed away, in order to restore the precious material to its rightful place. Much of the damage, however, was irreparable, for the soil carried into the sea could never be reclaimed. Even where the damage was least, it would take years to grow new lemon trees and vines to replace those destroyed in that frightful quarter-hour of the tempest.

Notwithstanding our sympathy for these poor people in their misfortune, it was impossible to be depressed in the midst of such magnificent scenery of land and sea. But we were becoming really anxious about our *buon cavallo*. In spite of the boasts of the driver, the horse which had started out so gallantly from Sorrento now persisted in lapsing into a slow and weary walk. The afternoon was waning, and Ravello and dinner were still three hours away.

As we rounded one of the countless promontories, which only the beauty of the landscape prevented from becoming monotonous, we spied an empty carriage coming toward us. It was freshly varnished, the harness shone and jingled, and the horse stepped out with a snappy trot which, in comparison with our

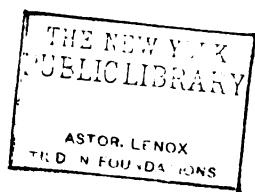
own dragging pace, was positively entrancing. As it drew near our driver hailed it, and a rapid and excited exchange of local dialect ensued. We guessed its object at once, and we were right. Our driver turned to us smiling, "*Signori*, my brother will take you to Ravello in his carriage, with his fresh horse." We wasted no time at all, but changed with alacrity. The details of the arrangements, including the amount and division of the fee, were soon agreed upon to the satisfaction of all parties. Then our new driver, who turned out to be one of the pleasantest of his clan that I have met in Italy, cracked his whip and we sped on toward Amalfi at the pace at which we had started five hours before. I never saw the *buon cavallo* again; but I know that he did not reach Ravello that night.

Past more bold headlands, around more green bays, under more lofty precipices we dashed and then, leaving the soft macadam for the noisy stone pavement, we rattled at top speed through Amalfi and out to the open road beyond. This fleeting glimpse of the little fishing village, which was once a mighty sea power, was at once beautiful and satisfying.

There are to-day but slight traces here of the past greatness. The illustrious republic of the Middle Ages, which defied the strongest navies of Europe, recovered from oblivion the Codex of the Roman law and gave to the world the mariner's compass, is now only a memory. Like Queen Zenobia in golden chains



Amalfi



THE SORRENTINE PENINSULA

gracing a Roman triumph, the city has fallen from its high estate to become a show for gaping multitudes.

Except, however, for the subsidence of the land which buried beneath the sea the strand which once joined the town to Atrani beyond the eastern headland, Amalfi has remained substantially unaltered in appearance. The gleaming houses still clamber one above another up the gray cliffs as of old, the waves ripple on the yellow beach, the fishers spread their nets to dry on the warm sands, and the children scamper among the boats as they did many centuries ago. Only on a closer inspection do we see the sad change. The shops are now devoted to post-cards and souvenirs, the grand old monastery on a ledge of the cliffs above the town is a hotel, and the Amalfitans live to-day on the tourists. Only the shell of the past remains; the spirit is gone.

Our fresh horse held his pace until we clattered out of the town at its eastern end; then he slowed to a walk to prepare for a swift rush through the next village. It is typical of their racial self-consciousness that Italian drivers always enter a town at top speed. The natives expect it. It flatters the municipal pride of a village of half a dozen houses to think that it is important enough to receive this mark of distinction, so the inhabitants disregard the danger to the children and live stock. We accordingly paid Atrani the compliment of a fine burst of

ITALIAN LANES AND HIGHROADS

speed, and contented ourselves with a passing view of Amalfi's former suburb.

Now at last we left the sinuous coast which we had followed for so many glorious miles, turned inland up one of the ravines, and were soon lost in a dense wood. Slowly we wound up the steep grade, zigzagging back and forth, but ever climbing upward. In the shade of the wood it was getting dark, it was long after dinner-time, and Ravello, we knew, was far above us. The darkness deepened, but still we ascended, winding far up the ravine, doubling back upon our road at another level, and making long detours to gain height. Our sense of direction became confused. We had not seen the sea for over an hour, and could not have told where it lay. We could perceive towering crags through the foliage above our heads, but no town, and when we inquired of the driver where Ravello was, he pointed straight up toward heaven. And so we kept climbing. But at last we emerged from the darkness of the forest into the warm afterglow which bathed the gray, crumbling gateway of high-perched, haughty Ravello.

As we stepped into the bright, hospitable courtyard of the hotel, we could see through a wide doorway the gleaming copper pans and spotless crockery of an immaculate kitchen, where willing hands were soon busy preparing a late dinner for our unexpected selves. At nine in the evening, this is a welcome and

THE SORRENTINE PENINSULA

cheering sight for weary travelers. But before we sat down to the table, we yielded to the temptation to step out to the dying daylight of the terrace for another glimpse of the sea which, lost for a while during the long climb, had now reappeared, spread out like an inverted sky far, far below.

The spur of Monte Cerreto, upon which Ravello is situated, runs out almost to the shore-line before it drops down precipitously twelve hundred feet to the sea. Only the great terror inspired by the Moorish pirates could have persuaded the mediæval Italians to place their city in such an inaccessible spot as this. But Ravello is not one of the Hill Towns of Italy. That proud title is confined to Umbria and Tuscany, and it implies a martial spirit and an independence which were unknown to the merchants and traders of the south. In spite of its name—in Latin, *Rebellum*, the “Rebel Town”—Ravello seems to have been too interested in its commerce in silks and other Oriental fabrics to endanger its prosperity by needless war. Nominally subject to Amalfi, it enjoyed the protection and commercial privileges of that republic, and its merchants were well known throughout the East. In many cities they had their exclusive quarters where they were permitted to retain their own customs and enforce their own laws. Special privileges were also accorded to them in the Holy Land by the Crusaders.

To-day Ravello is a tiny village. Its wealth has

ITALIAN LANES AND HIGHROADS

been dissipated, its glory lost, its name almost forgotten. Yet there is still a charm about the steep streets and crumbling towers and wide vistas of the lofty town, and there is also a sense of pervading peace as though, for it at least, all struggles were over.

The castle was long ago destroyed, and only a few fragments of the city walls remain. Buildings stand roofless and tenantless, and weeds grow in the crevices of the crumbling towers. But the town is not wholly deserted. About the central *piazza* are clustered the unpretentious homes of the modern Ravellese, a simple peasantry as yet unspoiled by contact with the world. In marked contrast to most Italian villagers, they are a very quiet folk. The characteristic note in the hubbub of the cities and even the smallest towns of Italy is that of the human voices—and they are wonderfully musical voices—raised in hawking wares, shouting at the draught-animals, arguing on street corners, passing salutations with friends, and singing the sad and plaintive love-songs of the south. This note is missing at Ravello. Whether the people are hushed by the deserted streets and palaces, are awed by the majesty of nature, or have acquired the habit like other mountain dwellers, their voices are always subdued. Even the children play quietly.

In another way, too, Ravello is different. There is an element of greenery in all its vistas which is

THE SORRENTINE PENINSULA

quite unusual in even the smallest of Italian villages. Much of the area within the walls has been converted into gardens and vineyards, Monte Cerreto lifts its terraced slopes above the roofs of the town, and the chestnut woods across the Valley of the Dragon form another background of foliage.

Nowhere but in Italy would one look for art in such an indigent village as this. Yet Ravello is rich in artistic interest, particularly of that early and comparatively unproductive period when civilization was struggling to emerge from the darkness of mediævalism toward the bright day of the Renaissance. One of the first faint suggestions of the glimmer of the coming dawn was here in this now somnolent town. The wonderful twelfth century bronze doors of the cathedral and the three pulpits of cosmic work are among the priceless treasures of early Italian art. The interior of the church has been modernized—with whitewash!—but the graceful Norman belfry tower has fortunately been spared from the vandalism of the “restorers.”

The noble families which survived the decline of Ravello have long since moved to the larger cities, but their palaces remain. Surrounded by their groves and gardens, these gray feudal strongholds give so much of their character to Ravello that it seems to be almost a town of palaces. The traveler stays, according to his choice of a hotel, in the Bishop's Palace, the Palazzo Confalone or the Palazzo d'Affitto.

ITALIAN LANES AND HIGHROADS

The Rufolo Palace, which is now the property of an English lady, was the residence of the wealthiest and most powerful of the noble families of Ravello. For centuries the Rufoli maintained their preëminence both in commerce and in war, for they were not only knights but merchants. They were the friends and counselors of kings, and frequently entertained royalty in their palace. On one occasion King Charles of Sicily was their guest, and a great banquet was prepared in his honor at the Rufolo villa on the shore below Ravello. The food was served on platters of solid silver, and as each course was finished the precious dishes were cast by the servitors through the open casement into the sea. The canny merchant-princes, however, had taken the precaution to have nets lowered into the water below the window!

The Palazzo Rufolo at Ravello stands upon the edge of the promontory, almost overhanging the sea. It is an enormous, rambling group of towers and halls and courts, built with a strange but tasteful mingling of Italian, Norman and Saracenic styles of architecture. According to tradition, an untold wealth of buried treasure was hidden somewhere beneath the palace, and as late as the nineteenth century, sorcerers were employed to discover it. About the year 1820, a Sicilian magician performed his incantations in the courtyard, and disclosed a wide staircase descending to a vault full of gold. An old man issued forth and demanded the soul of an



View from a Palace Court-Yard at Ravello

THE SORRENTINE PENINSULA

innocent child as the price of the treasure. Then the vision, vault and gold and guardian, vanished. One of the witnesses of this strange scene actually lured a small child to the palace and slew him. The sacrifice was futile, however; the body of the boy was found in the woods near by, and the inhuman treasure-hunter was convicted of murder.

The garden of this palace is a place of wonderful beauty. Brilliant flowers of countless varieties bloom here in multicolored profusion, and the famous roses of Ravello mantle and almost conceal the marble balustrade. From the edge of the terrace there is a wide prospect over the towering mountains above and the blue bosom of the sea far below. It is similar in some respects to the celebrated view from Amalfi on the shore beneath, but broadened and widened a hundred-fold.

The deep and enduring charm of Ravello lies not only in its fascinating history and quaint art, in its gray towers and storied palaces, but more than all these in the exhilaration of its magnificent horizons. Some of the narrowest streets enclose vistas of the bold headlands and yellow strands of the far shoreline. From the open squares one sees the vine-clad slopes of Monte Cerreto, and the beetling crags and barren peaks of the Sorrentine mountain range. Sitting beneath the fragrant rose-clad pergola of the Palazzo del Vescovado, on the outer limit of Ravello's lofty eyrie twelve hundred feet above the rippling sea,

ITALIAN LANES AND HIGHROADS

one gazes out over the most ravishing panorama of southern Italy. To the east the gray promontories slope, one beyond the other, sheer to the water's edge. Within the ravines are clustered the white houses of the twin villages, Maiori and Minori, and upon their tiny strips of beach the brown nets are drying in the sun. Far to the left, faint golden dots on the green mainland, gleam the ruined temples of Pæstum. To the south the high Apennines extend their serrated ranges toward Calabria until they are lost in the purple distance, while to the west the bluest of seas, flecked with the white sails of the fishing boats and ruffled here and there by a passing breeze, stretches outward and upward until it meets the curving sky.

IV

ANCIENT ROME—THE MISTRESS OF THE WORLD

AS the train winds over the summit of the Alban Hills and the traveler sees, far below him in the haze of the Campagna, the city about which has centered so much of the history and the romance and the faith of mankind, the words come spontaneously to his lips—

“This is Rome,
That sat on her seven hills, and from her throne
Of beauty ruled the world.”

But when he reaches the city, which was once *the* city, those same storied hills are the cause of much perplexity.

Before my first visit to Rome, I had received the impression that the hills had been so leveled as to be unrecognizable; but this is not true. The confusion arises from the fact that there are *ten* hills in modern Rome, and two of the most prominent—the Janiculum and the Pincian—were not reckoned among the original Seven. Besides this, the city has turned completely around. In the time of the early Empire it stretched southward from the Capitoline, whose temples faced the Forum. Since the Dark Ages, however, the city has been built almost entirely to the

ITALIAN LANES AND HIGHROADS

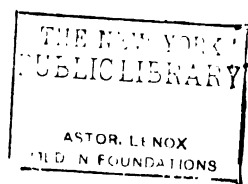
north of the Capitol, whose mediæval palaces front in the opposite direction from the earlier structures, and the Forum is now "behind" the hill.

The Seven Hills are still recognizable, but the leveling hand of time has done its best to obliterate these heights which gave character to ancient Rome, and modern building operations have assisted it. They are low, seldom rising to a height of a hundred feet above the intervening valleys, so that they are often partially concealed by neighboring palaces or tene-ments. Indeed, the gigantic new monument to Victor Emmanuel II. far overtops all the natural eminences, and dwarfs into utter insignificance the Capitoline behind it.

In the hollow between three of the far-famed hills, the Capitoline, the Palatine, and the Esquiline, lay the center of the ancient world. I once heard an educated lady exclaim upon first catching sight of the Forum, "Why, it's nothing but a heap of old stones!" In one sense, that is what it is; but they are different from the old stones found elsewhere. These fragments of marble and granite—yes, and of brick—have been immersed in history, saturated with literature, anointed with oratory, and drenched with blood. If Cuvier could from one fossil bone reconstruct the whole of a long-extinct species, the scholar may find in these broken and scattered fragments of the past the material for the reconstruction of the history not only of Rome, but of civilization.



The Roman Forum from the Palatine Hill



ROME—MISTRESS OF THE WORLD

As the traveler stands upon the slopes of the Capitoline Hill, he looks out over one of the most impressive views which the world can offer. Directly beneath stretches the depression of the Forum, excavated to a depth of some twenty feet below the level of the modern streets, and filled with what remains of the glory that was Rome—broken columns and entablatures, foundations and arches; here a bit of wall, there a dilapidated rostrum, yonder the rough pavement of the winding Sacred Way. On the left, the low Esquiline is covered with the modern houses of the poor, which reach down until they almost overhang the excavations. On the right rises the wooded Palatine, its nearer slopes still covered with the broken arches and grass-grown walls of the palaces of the Cæsars. Between the hills, beyond the isolated Arch of Titus, the gigantic bulk of the Colosseum closes the view.

If we had stood upon this same spot three thousand years ago, the sight which met our gaze would have been far different. Then all the hills were covered thick with primæval forests, and in the hollow below, between the Capitoline and the Palatine, there stagnated an oozing swamp. Here in a basket of reeds once floated the illustrious twins, until the immortal she-wolf, coming down from her lair on the farther hillside, discovered and adopted them as her own.

If we go down from the Capitoline Hill, descend into the Forum, and take our way to the low work-

ITALIAN LANES AND HIGHROADS

men's shed near the northern corner, we find there steps leading still further down, below the level of the Empire to that of the Republic. The latter is marked by a gigantic slab of black marble which was once part of the pavement of the earlier Forum. Still we descend, beneath the *lapis niger*, now crouching almost on our hands and knees in a low cave-like excavation lit only by the dim glow of a sputtering taper. As our eyes become accustomed to the gloom, we discern the object of our search, an upright stone like a short, heavy hitching post. Upon the sides of this *stèle* are deep-cut unfamiliar letters of an unknown language. We cannot read the inscription. It baffles the keenest scholars of to-day, even as it did those of two thousand years ago. We have reached the beginning of Rome. If tradition be true, this is the grave of Romulus.

Slowly we creep backward out of the uncomfortable excavation into the sunlight; and there, on the opposite side of the Forum, just under the precipitous slope of the Palatine Hill, stands a different memorial, the most recent in the Forum, the Christian church of Sancta Maria Antiqua. Between the tomb and the church, between Romulus and the Virgin, lies the history of ancient Rome.

The church occupies a building which was originally the library of the Temple of the Divine Augustus, and this in turn was built upon the ruins of the Palace of Caligula. The *atrium*, which later became

the nave, is a room of magnificent proportions, and when it was lined with colored marbles and alabaster and onyx it must have been exceedingly beautiful. To-day the unsightly brick walls stand naked, except for fragments of the stucco with which the primitive Christians tried to emulate the earlier glories of the building. Upon this plaster are still clearly visible the crude devotional frescoes of the sixth and seventh centuries, whose gaunt and angular prophets, with their long, solemn Byzantine faces, have looked out for twelve hundred years through the fallen arches and broken doorways at the destruction and burial and resurrection of Eternal Rome. They saw the once gorgeous church fall into disuse, and the chancel and aisles fill with the slowly accumulating rubbish of ages, and they have watched modern archeological zeal at work recovering the memorials of the past. The excavators have now removed every vestige of the debris down to the mosaic floor of the library, and have gone even below this to the shallow *impluvium* of the earlier palace. They have disturbed the worthy dead in the vaults beneath the church, humble brothers of the monastery and haughty clerics who officiated at this altar when the robes of the painted saints above were brilliant and their halos resplendent with gold. To-day the remains of high and low are inextricably mingled, and their bones and skulls are disposed about in the niches and corners, to get them out of the way.

ITALIAN LANES AND HIGHROADS

Half-way between the Tomb of Romulus and the Church of St. Mary the Ancient, just by the corner of the House of the Vestal Virgins, are the ruins of a small oblong building. Hardly more than the foundations of the house remain. Vines clamber over the shattered walls, scarlet poppies grow in the crevices, and lithe lizards sun themselves upon the warm stones. All about are the remains of great temples and vast basilicas; but this tiny Regia is the heart of ancient Rome. According to the tradition, Numa Pompilius once dwelt on this spot. This building was the official residence of the Pontifex Maximus, the spiritual head of the Republic. To the Regia also came the "foremost man of all this world," for Julius Cæsar quitted the luxury of the aristocratic quarter on the Palatine to be close to his dear common people in the Forum. It was here that he tore himself from the restraining arms of Calpurnia on the fateful Ides of March. As we sit on the soft turf that mantles the ruins, we can see, scarcely a hundred yards across the Forum, the bare brick façade of the Church of Sant' Adriano, which then was the Senate House where was enacted that tremendous tragedy at which

"The graves stood tenantless, and the sheeted dead
Did squeak and gibber in the Roman streets."

"A heap of old stones," forsooth!

But the sun is getting hot in the breezeless hollow

ROME—MISTRESS OF THE WORLD

of the Forum. So we ascend to the cool groves on the level summit of the near-by Palatine, only pausing as we go to take one careful look at the campanile of Santa Francesca Romana, just opposite the Arch of Titus, over against the Colosseum. It is a delicious bit of mediæval architecture and, as far as I know, the only beautiful bell tower in Rome.

The Palatine is by far the most interesting of the Seven Hills. Upon its slopes, tradition says, Romulus and Remus dwelt with their foster-father, Faustus. Undoubtedly some band of wandering shepherds built here the first rude huts of the primitive village which was in time to become the Eternal City. About the rectangular summit was erected with infinite toil the first wall which enclosed "Four Square" Rome. During the peaceful days of the Republic, the wealthy patricians built their sumptuous villas upon the cool heights of the Palatine. Later on, the emperors crowded out their subjects and took this choicest spot in the city for their incredibly huge "palaces," which derived their name from the hill.

At the northern end of the flat summit, just where it drops off most precipitously to the deep valley in which the she-wolf found the twins, there is a deliciously cool grove of ilex and plane and oak trees. The powerful shafts of the Italian sun never penetrate their dense foliage, and as one sits here on the stone benches he can see out beneath the branches over old Rome. Just beyond the intervening hollow

ITALIAN LANES AND HIGHROADS

rises the Capitoline Hill, once the gilded sanctuary of the Mistress of the World, but now crowned only with the unlovely ancient Tabularium and with mediæval palaces. From the point where we are standing, the Emperor Caligula, in order to facilitate his intercourse with Jupiter in his temple, constructed a bridge across the roofs of the buildings in the Forum below to the slopes of the opposite hill.

All of the emperors were great builders, particularly the mad ones. The madder they were, the more stupendously they built. The summit of the Palatine was over a mile in circumference, but it was far too small for their astounding architectural ambitions, and the later palaces extended down the sides of the hill. The prodigious Golden House of Nero even spread around the end of the Forum and up the slopes of the Esquiline.

This very grove where we sit and the gardens around it are planted, not on the earth, but upon an *upper floor* of the Palace of Tiberius! By descending the winding path below the mediæval Casino Farnese we can reach the basement, as it were, of the emperor's palace, and wander through vast vaulted passages and bare chambers which lie directly beneath the roots of these venerable trees.

The monstrous palaces of the Cæsars were built of brick and mortar. But it was Roman brick and Roman mortar. Time and weather have done their worst; but these fabrics, where not destroyed by the



The Palaces of the Cæsars

THE NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY

ASTOR LENOX
TILDEN FOUNDATION

hand of man, are as staunch to-day as solid granite. Augustus boasted that he found Rome brick and left it marble; but the marble was veneer. All the temples and basilicas and palaces of Rome were once encased in a shell of beautiful polished stone. Then after Augustus came the barbarians. They found Rome marble and left it brick again. The Parthenon at Athens, on the contrary, is solid marble to the core; and although it has been damaged by the elements, despoiled by vandals, and mutilated by gunpowder, it is still the most beautiful building in the world. But, denuded of their marble sheathing, these brick palaces of the emperors are now—with the sole exception of the baroque Roman churches—the most unsightly buildings in Italy.

It is a mistake to think that all the remains of ancient Rome are clustered in and around the Forum. There is scarcely a square foot within the walls which does not bear, above or beneath the surface, some token of the grandeur of the imperial city. Many of these structures, such as the Baths of Diocletian and the Tomb of Hadrian, have proved too massive to be destroyed and too huge to be covered. But for the most part, the past has been buried by that mysterious process of the ages by which time inters its dead beneath the surface of the earth. The slow accumulations of dust, the soil deposited by freshets, the debris of demolished buildings, and the rubbish heaps of centuries which knew not sanitation, have

ITALIAN LANES AND HIGHROADS

all combined to conceal ancient Rome. The classical city now lies twenty to forty feet beneath the streets, and it has only been since the middle of the nineteenth century that interest in antiquities has been sufficiently aroused to induce scientific excavations. By some strange caprice of fate the Roman Forum has never been built upon, so that it has been a comparatively easy matter to remove the accumulations of the centuries and restore its ruins to the light of day. But with few exceptions, the rest of the ancient city is still hidden far below the streets and buildings of modern Rome. No one but a visionary would propose demolishing and removing the whole city in order to search for antiquities, and so the buried treasures remain buried. But there is enough above ground to satiate all but the most ravenous of antiquarian appetites.

The Forum Romanum was always *the* forum, but it was not the only one. Julius Cæsar began another, and several of the emperors—Augustus, Vespasian, Nerva, and Trajan—erected sumptuous groups of temples and courts and colonnades, and each new forum took the name of its builder. To-day the remains of the marvelous structures, which once excited the admiration of the world, lie beneath the foundations of the churches and wine-shops and tenements near the Capitol. Here and there a few columns, with an architrave or a bit of frieze, jut a little above the pavement of the narrow, winding

ROME—MISTRESS OF THE WORLD

streets, and a child standing on tiptoe can touch with his finger-tips what was once the cornice of a lofty temple.

The only excavation in the Forums of the Cæsars is that about the Column of Trajan, and here but a cross-section of one of the smaller basilicas has been uncovered. The tank-like depression in the midst of the Piazza del Foro Traiano shows merely a few rows of broken granite shafts, and towering above them the lofty triumphal Column of Trajan, up which in a narrow spiral slowly climb the 2,200 sculptured figures which portray his victories. The statue of the emperor has been taken from the summit and replaced by that of St. Peter, just as Marcus Aurelius has been removed from the sister column in the Piazza Colonna to make room for St. Paul. The sunny, grass-grown hollow of these excavations has long been the rendezvous of all the feline wanderers of the neighborhood, so that the irreverent customarily refer to it as the "Forum of the Cats."

Modern Rome is the only European capital still surrounded by a wall. This structure, which was erected by the Emperor Aurelian, and repaired from time to time by his successors and by the popes, encloses not only the entire modern city but vast waste stretches to the south of it. The Rome of to-day must double or treble in size before it can fill the shell of the ancient capital. For over eight centuries, from the time of Servius Tullius to that of

ITALIAN LANES AND HIGHROADS

Aurelian, the Eternal City had no walls: It needed none. Its proud citizens boasted that the Tigris and the Euphrates, the Danube, the desert and the ocean were the walls of Rome. But when the advancing hordes passed these natural barriers and swept down through the Italian peninsula, the later emperors were only too glad to find what protection they could behind stone and mortar. This, however, was very little. The Aurelian Walls delayed but did not stop the successive invaders, from the Goths under Totila to the Italian patriots under Victor Emmanuel II. and Garibaldi in 1870. The city is now surrounded by a circle of earthworks equipped with modern artillery, and the walls of Aurelian have at last ended their long and futile career as a defense against the enemies of Rome.

As we drive southward from the Colosseum through the Region of the Campitelli—as it was known during the Middle Ages—we pass long stretches of open country before we reach the ancient fortifications. Leafy lanes wind between the high stone walls which enclose the fields and orchards, but most travelers prefer the paved highway, the most famous of all the famous Roman roads, the Appian Way.

Beyond the wooded Aventine Hill, and surrounded by the weeds and wild-flowers which cover what was once a populous part of the capital, rise the lofty ruins of the Baths of Caracalla. Like the palaces

of the Cæsars; they have been denuded of their encasing marble and now stand gaunt and ugly against the deep blue Italian sky. These vast, roofless halls are another striking example of the mania for hugeness which has characterized all Roman building even to the present day.

Not far from these ruins we pass under the Triumphal Arch of Drusus, still bearing upon its summit a fragment of the aqueduct which Caracalla built across it to supply his Baths, and reach the Porta San Sebastiano. The Aurelian Wall here stretches unbroken on each side of what was the finest gate of the ancient city, then known as the Porta Appia; but the later battlements and the crenelated parapet now give rather a mediæval aspect to the huge bastions of the gateway. Through the center of this enormous structure a small, tunnel-like passage leads from the open fields of the city to the clustered buildings of the country.

The secret of this paradox is found in the brightly uniformed officials who lounge in the shade of the portal. They are the inspectors and collectors of the tax which is levied by the municipality of Rome—as by all other Italian cities—upon food-stuffs brought within its limits. The buildings clustered just outside the gates of Rome are all wine-shops. Here, in the crowded bar-rooms or about the rough tables of simple arbors, peasants on their way to or from market regale themselves with their fa-

ITALIAN LANES AND HIGHROADS

vorite Marino or Frascati at a price which is less by the amount of the tax than that which is charged within the walls.

The Campagna, which spreads out on all sides of Rome, is not flat but rolling. It is not a deserted marsh, but is dotted with farm-houses and covered with fields and pasture-lands. Although the work of reclaiming the region from its scourge of malaria has not yet been completed, it is being pushed vigorously by the government, and within a few years, no doubt, the Campagna will again be the fertile, salubrious plain extolled by the Romans of old.

For some distance the Appian Way runs between high stone walls which shut out the view, but even here it is picturesque. The two-wheeled carts, which are met in great numbers, are different from those of other parts of Italy. They are lighter than those of Naples, and are usually drawn by but one animal. These vehicles are gorgeously painted, and stencilled floral designs cover not only the body, but even the rims and spokes of the wheels. Over the driver's seat there is a huge semi-spherical parasol which opens and shuts like a Japanese fan. The outside and inside of this mark of luxury are of different colors, usually a brilliant red and a striking blue. Upon one shaft of the cart dangles an immense bundle of hay to provide a dinner for the donkey. Ordinarily these carts carry wine or cabbages or other produce; but on a holy-day they take their noisy way to some

ROME—MISTRESS OF THE WORLD

shrine within the city, loaded with laughing black-eyed girls and sun-burned young men, who thus economically combine a religious duty with a joyous lark.

Soon the Appian Way leaves the garden walls and runs between the open fields. Here and there are fragments of old Roman tombs, long ago denuded of their costly marbles and often but shapeless masses of brick. To the left are seen the crumbling grass-grown ruins of the huge Circus of Maxentius. Beyond the famous tomb of Cæcilia Metella, which is the largest and best preserved of the sepulchers, the road ascends a considerable hill. Now the pavement changes. Instead of the macadam over which we have been riding, it is composed of small, closely set, polygonal blocks of tufa. We are at last upon the real Appian Way. The stones beneath us are the same which echoed to the wheels of Cæsar's chariot and the tramp of the Roman legions. Before us, straight as a taut string, the greatest highroad of the ancient world runs ahead as far as the eye can see, until it is lost among the slopes of the blue Alban Mountains. On all sides are the rolling, treeless hills of the Campagna, and in the distance, stalking in silent majesty across the plain, are the gray arches of an ancient aqueduct.

We turn back from this wide panorama of former grandeur and present desolation, retrace our road to a small doorway on the left, number 33, marked "En-

ITALIAN LANES AND HIGHROADS

trance for the Catacombs," and as we pass from the Appian Way into these precincts, we leave the memorials of pagan power and enter Christian Rome.

V

MEDIEVAL ROME—THE CHRISTIAN CITY

THE Catacombs of St. Calixtus, the most accessible and interesting of these ancient burial-places, are now under the care of the French Trappists. The genial monks are always hard at work and the atmosphere of briskness and industry which pervades their establishment is in sharp contrast to the idleness and indolence which characterizes some of the native Italian clergy. These French brothers labor in their fields and truck gardens, manufacture a delicious sweet chocolate, conduct strangers through the catacombs, and do a thriving business in post cards and souvenirs. With it all, they are the most courteous and good-humored fraternity I have ever seen. Their great delight in the presence of strangers may be due in part to the fact that this relieves them, for the time being, of the vow of silence which they are bound to observe on all other occasions. However, I have noticed that when two of these brown-robed brothers weed a cabbage patch they will edge toward each other until their heads are close together, glance furtively around like a pair of schoolboys looking to see if teacher is watching, and then have a pleasant little talk.

ITALIAN LANES AND HIGHROADS

The entrance to the catacombs is a steep flight of steps leading straight into the earth. The brother who acts as a guide carries a long taper wound spirally around a heavy stick, and gives to each visitor a small candle. As soon as we enter the chill atmosphere and descend to the bottom of the stairway, the lights are lit, with a caution by the canny friar to nurse them carefully, because it is a sign of an evil disposition to have one's taper burn up quickly.

There were no cemeteries, in the modern sense, among the Romans of classical times on account of their custom of burning the dead. A small building would hold hundreds of cinerary urns, and only the wealthy and noble families erected the costly tombs which lined the roads outside the city. The Christians, who interred their dead, devised the catacombs to meet their peculiar needs. Without the walls of Rome—for no interments were allowed within the city—there are nearly sixty of these subterranean burial grounds; and over five hundred miles of their winding and often superimposed passages have been explored. These strange cemeteries are hewn from a volcanic rock of the Campagna, known as tufa, which is so soft that it can be cut with a knife.

As our eyes become accustomed to the semi-darkness, we find that we are in a rough and very narrow passageway, lined on both sides with oblong niches, each just large enough to hold a human body. These holes in the walls were the graves of the dead. Here

ROME—THE CHRISTIAN CITY

each corpse was laid away without a coffin, and the opening was sealed with a slab of stone. During the persecutions of the pagan emperors, several Christians actually suffered martyrdom in the catacombs, but they were only a very small proportion of the thousands inhumed here. Nevertheless, in the Dark Ages these burial places of the early church were rifled by pilgrims, who came to look upon all remains found here as those of saints. One of the Trappist monks told us, with a merry twinkle in his eye, that the mediæval Romans found these saints and martyrs so profitable that, after all the original bones had been carried away as holy relics, they used to replenish the tombs for the benefit of pious foreigners with fresh supplies obtained from the slaughter-houses of the city. It was strange, here in the darkness of subterranean Rome, to receive such confirmation of Chaucer's contemporary description in the *Canterbury Tales*:—

“With hym ther rood a gentil Pardoner

Bret-ful of pardon, comen from Rome al hoot

He had a croys of latoun, ful of stones,
And in a glas he hadde pigges bones.”

The galleries of the catacombs are all narrow, some less than two feet in width; and they cross each other in a bewildering confusion, so that the stranger is glad to keep near the flickering taper of his guide.

ITALIAN LANES AND HIGHROADS

It would be a serious matter to become lost in the darkness of these labyrinthine and apparently endless caverns. To increase the available space for burial purposes many of the catacombs are constructed on different levels, so that as many as five galleries are found one below the other.

Occasionally we meet with larger chambers, the private vaults of wealthy families or prelates of high rank. These are almost always in the form of a Greek cross, with arms just large enough to hold the sarcophagi. In the case of a martyr, the flat cover of the tomb served as an altar, and the room became a chapel. Such is the Chamber of the Popes, where were interred five of the pontiffs of the third century, of whom three fell victims to the persecutions. The chapels are decorated with rude frescoes, depicting Christian emblems such as the fish, the dove, the lamb, as well as scenes from Biblical history. These wall-paintings form the sole link which connects the art of ancient times with that of the Middle Ages. In form and execution they are classical, but in theme and spirit they are Christian. The technique is extremely crude, far inferior to the earlier, pagan frescoes at Pompeii, but they are a never-failing source of interest and pleasure. The most striking picture is that of Jonah and the whale, a subject in which the artists of the early centuries took an almost childish delight. The "whale" is here depicted with the head of a dragon, the fore-feet of a horse, and

ROME—THE CHRISTIAN CITY

the tail of a real sea-serpent. On the one side the monster, with a look of hungry expectancy on its face, propels itself over the surface of the water toward the tiny ship from which Jonah is diving; on the other it smiles and wags its tail with delight as its erstwhile passenger emerges head-first from its open mouth.

In one of the smaller chapels is the tomb of St. Cecilia, a Roman maiden who was martyred during the persecutions under Marcus Aurelius. With her winning beauty and simple faith she had converted not only her family but even the judges who were first assigned to try her. At last, however, she was condemned to be executed. The headsman of the emperor struck three times at her slender, delicate neck but he was not able to sever the head from the body. The law did not permit him to strike again. Overcome with terror at what he looked upon as a supernatural omen, the executioner fled. The girl was dead when her friends lifted her and bore her away, so they buried her here in the Catacombs of St. Calixtus. Several centuries later, after she had been canonized, St. Cecilia was given a church of her own in Trastevere, and a place was prepared there for her sepulcher. When the tomb in the catacombs was opened, the body of the saint was found to have been perfectly preserved. An Italian sculptor, who saw the martyred maiden lying there in her white flowing robe, transferred to marble the form and

ITALIAN LANES AND HIGHROADS

beauty of the saint, and a copy of his statue now occupies the niche where the body was found. Here in the darkness and gloom of the catacombs the wan figure of the dead Roman girl brings before us, as does nothing else, the grim reality of those early persecutions.

It seems impossible to write of the monuments and life of any one period of Rome without referring to what preceded and followed. It is this interweaving of the past with the present and the present with all the varied eras of the past, as well as the permanence of the physical memorials of each age through the mutations and revolutions of succeeding centuries, that has given it the name of the Eternal City.

The Castle of Sant' Angelo is the most storied and fascinating structure of mediæval Rome, yet it was built centuries before as the Tomb of Hadrian. This vast fortress has frowned above the yellow waters of the Tiber while empires have risen and fallen, while kingdoms have been set up and toppled over. It has seen the invaders of fifteen centuries batter out their lives against its unyielding walls, and has heard within its cavernous depths the death cries of strangled and stabbed and tortured and poisoned prisoners. Who held Sant' Angelo, held Rome; and without its possession every invasion proved fruitless and every revolution vain.

Hadrian, with a true Roman passion for huge dimensions, erected for himself the largest tomb in

ROME—THE CHRISTIAN CITY

Europe, and here he and his family and his successors for a hundred years were interred. When the Goths attacked Rome in the sixth century, the defending army turned the mausoleum into a fortress and used the marble statues with which it was adorned as missiles to hurl down upon the heads of their besiegers. The great Pope Gregory, on his way to pray for the delivery of Rome from one of the many devastating plagues with which it was ravaged during the Middle Ages, saw above the tomb a vision of the Archangel Michael sheathing his sword. In gratitude for this auspicious omen, a chapel was erected on the summit of the structure, and the castle was renamed after the "Holy Angel."

The entrance is by the river, just at the end of the Ponte Sant' Angelo, one of the few ancient Roman bridges which are still used for the every-day traffic of the twentieth century. We pass through the massive gateway of the mediæval ramparts and walk half-way around the huge cylindrical structure before its entrance is reached. A narrow foot-bridge leads across the now dry moat, and we are in the tomb. We begin to appreciate why the mediæval armies with their bombards and catapults were unable to make any impression upon the fortress. Hadrian's architects were familiar with the pyramids of Egypt, and they doubtless had these in mind when designing the Roman emperor's tomb. It is not a building with walls and floors, but a compact mass of

ITALIAN LANES AND HIGHROADS

masonry like solid rock, penetrated by galleries which seem to have been hewn out of it.

A spiral passage, wide enough for two chariots to drive abreast, encircles the interior of the structure twice before it arrives at the central vault, which was designed to be the last resting-place of the imperial family. The ashes of the dead have long since been scattered and the sepulcher denuded of the beautiful marbles and costly decorations which once made it worthy to receive the ruler of the world. It is merely an ugly hole in the rock, with even less of beauty than the similar but smaller chambers in the catacombs.

Above the solid masonry of the original tomb rises the battlemented castle of the Middle Ages—an immense fortified palace, well suited to house the whole papal court, as it was often called upon to do, in addition to a large garrison of defenders.

It will be remembered that for over a thousand years the pope was not only the spiritual head of Christendom, but was also the supreme temporal ruler of the City of Rome and of those portions of the Italian peninsula included in the Papal States. As such ruler, he wielded the powers of an absolute monarch, maintained an army, contracted alliances, waged war, and was frequently compelled by the emperors and kings who acknowledged his ecclesiastical authority to defend his territorial possessions from their invading armies. Then was the Castle of Sant'



Sant' Angelo and the Tiber

THE NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY

ASTOR. LENOX
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS

Angelo a welcome refuge. From the parapet can still be seen, in the wall which connects it with the Vatican, a long unroofed passageway which was constructed to provide the popes with a swift and secret retreat in time of danger. The mediæval castle consists of a labyrinth of galleries and passages, courtyards and dungeons, council-rooms and treasure-chambers and suites of regal apartments. Here, during the Dark Ages, the papal treasures were kept in a safety which even the sanctity of the church could not assure them elsewhere. Here the papal court often dwelt for long periods, while hostile armies sacked the helpless city and wreaked their vengeance on its miserable inhabitants. Here also were incarcerated, with all the unspeakable horrors of mediæval imprisonment, those unhappy mortals who incurred the displeasure of the pontiffs.

One of the famous prisoners of Sant' Angelo was that wild and fascinating scapegrace of the sixteenth century, Benvenuto Cellini, who, among other exploits, performed the almost incredible feat of making his escape unaided from the fortress. He was confined in a dismal unlighted dungeon beneath the living apartments of the castle. To reach this, we descend a dark, narrow corridor and then, bending down, peer through the low doorway into the windowless cell. Surely, no one but an irrepressible genius like Cellini would have dreamed of escaping from such a prison as this.

ITALIAN LANES AND HIGHROADS

The constable of the castle was insane, and one of his obsessions was that he was going to lose Benvenuto, whom he considered his most precious prisoner. He accordingly incarcerated the poor artist in the deepest dungeon and assigned special guards to keep watch upon him. Cellini, however, boasted that he would get away in spite of them, and defied his jailers to prevent him. Having stolen a pair of pincers from a carpenter, he managed with the greatest difficulty to withdraw the nails which held the iron plates of his door, and replaced them with imitation nail-heads fashioned of wax and iron filings, leaving just enough of the staples to hold the plates in place.

At last, on a moonlit night, he determined to make his break for liberty. After hours of labor he succeeded in removing the last nails from the door, walked out silently from his cell, and climbed to the roof of the castle. From this dizzy height he let himself down, hand-over-hand, by a rope which he had previously fashioned from sheets. When he reached the ground, however, he found to his great disappointment that his troubles were not yet over. There were still two walls between him and freedom. Frightening off one of the guards who discovered him, he managed to get over the first wall safely, but fell from the second and broke his leg. After lying in a swoon for over an hour, the cool air of the early morning revived him and he crawled painfully on his hands and knees to the unguarded city gate,

which he forced open. Here he was attacked by a pack of vicious dogs, which bit him severely and came near arousing the whole neighborhood with their yelping; but luckily an early water-carrier came along, and for a piece of gold bore the poor, suffering artist to a place of safety.

Existence in Rome during the Middle Ages was a struggle, with death always near. The people became accustomed to the thought and lost their dread of it. Thus things which seem horrible and gruesome to men of softer times, were looked upon without revulsion by the Romans. For instance, they saw nothing out of the ordinary in the Capuchin cemetery.

On a shady, tree-bordered little *piazza* not far from the Fountain of the Triton is the church which contains this unique work of art. We push aside the heavy leathern curtain which shuts out the heat and sun of the Roman summer and enter the cool nave. Disregarding the few pictures in the chapels and even the tomb of the founder, Cardinal Barberini, with its inscription of striking humility for a mediæval prelate—"Here lies dust, ashes and nothing"—we summon one of the friars and ask him to show us the *cimitero* in the crypt. He conducts us down a flight of steps to the strangest burial-place in Christendom.

There are four vaulted chambers, each containing in the center a shallow pit filled with earth which was brought hither from Palestine in the Middle Ages in

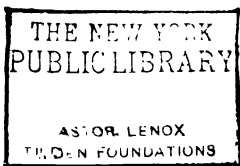
ITALIAN LANES AND HIGHROADS

order that the monks might be buried in sacred soil. Thousands of the departed brothers have been interred in these small patches of holy ground. A strange plan was devised so that each might have a share in the precious privilege. Whenever a monk died, the brother who had been buried longest was dug up, and his place was given to the new arrival. The bones of him who was disinterred were then disposed about the vault as mural decorations. The walls and ceilings are now almost concealed by these weird, osseous embellishments; for four thousand friars have contributed their mortal remains to the adornment of this extraordinary mausoleum. The bones are for the most part arranged carefully according to their anatomical classification, with a naïve disregard of the unity and continued identity of their original owners. Thus the shoulder-blades are neatly piled by one wall, while the thigh bones are disposed in another place. The ceiling is adorned with wreaths and arabesques of vertebræ, bordered with floral designs in larger bones. To complete the scheme of decoration, some few brothers, either because they were disinterred too soon or because their age and toughness had defied the tooth of time, have not been distributed, but stand clothed in their brown robes and hoods, the caryatides of this holy charnel house.

Strange as it may seem, there is nothing repulsive or gruesome about this apparent flaunting of the



The Monks' Burying Ground in the Crypt of the
Capuchin Church



ROME—THE CHRISTIAN CITY

remains of human beings. The white-haired monk who showed me through the cemetery would lay his hand lovingly upon the grizzled corpse or naked skull of one brother and another, call them by name, and speak reverently and affectionately of them. To him it was not a show for gaping strangers, but the hallowed resting-place of thousands of the members of his order. When I asked if he, too, would one day be interred here and in the course of time render his bones to become part of the scrolls and friezes upon the walls, he became very sad. "No, alas," he said, in a tone of intense regret, as he gazed around him upon those who had been the companions and brothers of his youth, "No, the government does not permit us to be buried here now."

Rome is unique in that it is divided between two monarchs, the pope and the king; and the Italian people are therefore placed in the peculiar and difficult position of trying to be loyal to two conflicting and irreconcilable authorities. When the great movement of 1860 swept over the country, the people were carried away with enthusiasm. At last Italy, which had been divided for so many centuries into petty states often at war with one another and more often than not subject to foreign rulers, was to become a nation and take its rightful place with the great powers of the earth. One by one the kingdoms and principalities and republics of the peninsula fell into line behind the banner of Victor Emmanuel until but

ITALIAN LANES AND HIGHROADS

a single state held aloof. This was Rome. Without the Eternal City, the center and glory of ancient days, modern Italy was indeed incomplete. When diplomatic negotiations proved fruitless, the red-shirted army of the patriots, led by the indomitable Garibaldi, moved against the capital of the Patrimony of St. Peter, breached the great wall of Aurelian, and entered triumphant into the city which for fifteen hundred years had known no master but the pontiff.

The government offered generous terms to the Church, but, rather than acknowledge another ruler than himself within the Sacred City, the pope retired into his palace, a voluntary prisoner. The Vatican and the precincts of St. Peter's have, by law, been extraterritorialized, so that they are not a part of the Italian kingdom and the authority of the national government does not cross their boundaries. Within their narrow limits, the former ruler of the powerful Papal States still holds sway. Here, surrounded by the nobles of his realm, he maintains a diminutive army, receives the diplomatic representatives of foreign countries and enjoys a regal state. But if he leaves his small domain, he must place himself under the protection of the Italian kingdom; and this for forty years successive popes have uniformly refused to do.

In keeping with the proportions of the largest church in the world, the *piazza* before St. Peter's is

ROME—THE CHRISTIAN CITY

the vastest of all the great squares of Rome. As we stand beneath the lofty colonnade, one of the few successful architectural efforts of the industrious Bernini, we do not appreciate the immensity of the dimensions which meet our eyes. Each one of these five hundred and sixty-eight granite columns is loftier than those of the Parthenon, yet even they are dwarfed by the marble shafts upon the façade of the cathedral. The shade of the semi-circular porticos, which serve no purpose but to adorn the square and shut out of sight the squalid hovels which crowd close up to it, is the favorite resting-place of the beggars and idlers and children of the Borgo. There are many of them, for this quarter of Rome has always been inhabited by the poor.

To the right of St. Peter's, at the end of the colonnade, rises the miscellaneous aggregation of buildings, of many periods and of different styles of architecture, which constitute the Vatican. From this point of view the largest palace in the world, which contains within its walls a wealth of artistic treasures which is literally incalculable, has the beauty and symmetry of a pile of huge freight cars. The only attractive thing about the exterior of the Vatican is the papal guard which is constantly on duty at the portal. These soldiers of the pope, still drawn exclusively from Switzerland, are tall, fine-looking fellows. Their height and blond complexions combine to give them a peculiar distinction among the

ITALIAN LANES AND HIGHROADS

short, dark Romans. They are armed with picturesque but useless halberds, and still wear the striking costume designed by Michael Angelo; a brilliantly colored mediæval garb with baggy knee-breeches, puffed sleeves and flat cap. The principal duty of these anachronistic guardsmen seems to be keeping tourists out of the private quarters of the palace. Visitors are no longer admitted to the Vatican galleries by the Bronze Portal in the Piazza San Pietro, but must now go to the side door in the Vialone di Belvedere. To reach this from the main entrance, one must encircle the church and a part of the palace, a walk in all of about three-quarters of a mile. On a hot summer day this is an excursion well calculated to give the stranger a sincere respect for the dimensions of these vast piles.

Upon the site of the Circus of Nero, where the Apostle Peter was buried after his martyrdom, now stands the central church of Christendom. It was Bramante who first conceived the idea of imposing the Pantheon upon the Basilica of Constantine, and thus combining into one superb edifice two of the greatest masterpieces of ancient architecture. So closely have the original models been followed that the dimensions of the nave of St. Peter's are almost exactly those of the ruins in the Forum, and the dome is but five feet smaller than that of the Pantheon. Yet there is a wonderful unity in the result of the combination of these very dissimilar buildings.

ROME—THE CHRISTIAN CITY

To many people the first view of the interior of St. Peter's is a distinct disappointment. Its hugeness has been a by-word throughout the civilized world for centuries. Most visitors apparently expect to behold something almost supernatural, and feel that they have been deceived by exaggerations when they find that it is perfectly possible to see from one end of the church to the other with the naked eye.

It is only as we take in the details—the four piers which support the dome each covering the area of a city lot, the canopy of the high altar as lofty as an eight-story building, the dome itself so soaring that a thirty-story skyscraper might be placed upon the pavement beneath it and not reach to the lantern at the summit—that the stupendousness of the edifice is grasped by the human brain.

St. Peter's is not beautiful. In many of its details and decorations it is ugly. When the present basilica was consecrated in the year 1626, all the great artists of the Renaissance were dead. The vast cathedral was built too late ever to become such a treasure-house of art as many a tiny but more ancient Italian church. To appreciate St. Peter's, one must overlook the inartistic monuments of departed pontiffs, the baroque decorations of the chapels and the excess of gilt which surrounds the altars, and train the eye to see the great building as a whole. Some never come to love it. To those trained to the

ITALIAN LANES AND HIGHROADS

severe and colorless Gothic of the north, the glowing hues of the gorgeous marbles, the prismatic tints of the huge mosaics and the heavy gilded ceiling, are too gaudy and unspiritual.

Yet St. Peter's is noble, impressive, holy. When the stranger comes again and again—as come he must—when he wanders through the shadowy aisles and transepts at noonday, hearkens in the late afternoon to the vespers in a distant chapel, and hears in the dusk of the evening the noble organ music rolling out on the incense-laden air and reverberating through the vaulted nave up to the immensity of the bending dome, the spell of the grandeur of it all takes fast hold upon his soul. Then at last he perceives that this great, this all-inclusive fabric was designed to be, not the place of worship of a city or a nation or a sect, but the mother-church of all mankind.

VI

MODERN ROME—THE ITALIAN CAPITAL

FROM the Porta del Popolo to the base of the Capitoline Hill, straight as the ancient Via Lata which it perpetuates, runs Rome's most famous, most interesting and busiest street. Officially it is named Corso Umberto Primo, but neither Romans nor strangers ever call it so; to the whole world it has for centuries been *the* Corso. To an American it is well described by its former Latin name which, translated, means "Broadway."

The street, however, is not broad. Compared with the modern avenues laid out in the newer quarters on the Viminal and the Prati, it is exceedingly narrow. The building line is picturesquely irregular. In some places the palaces jut out so far that there is scarcely room for two carriages to pass between them; in others they stand back so as to leave room before them for that modern invention, a sidewalk. It is a very scant one, however, far too small for the crowds that traverse this ancient thoroughfare. But the stranger in Rome soon learns to walk as the Romans do—in the street. This is necessary in all the older parts of the town, for in the very narrow

ITALIAN LANES AND HIGHROADS

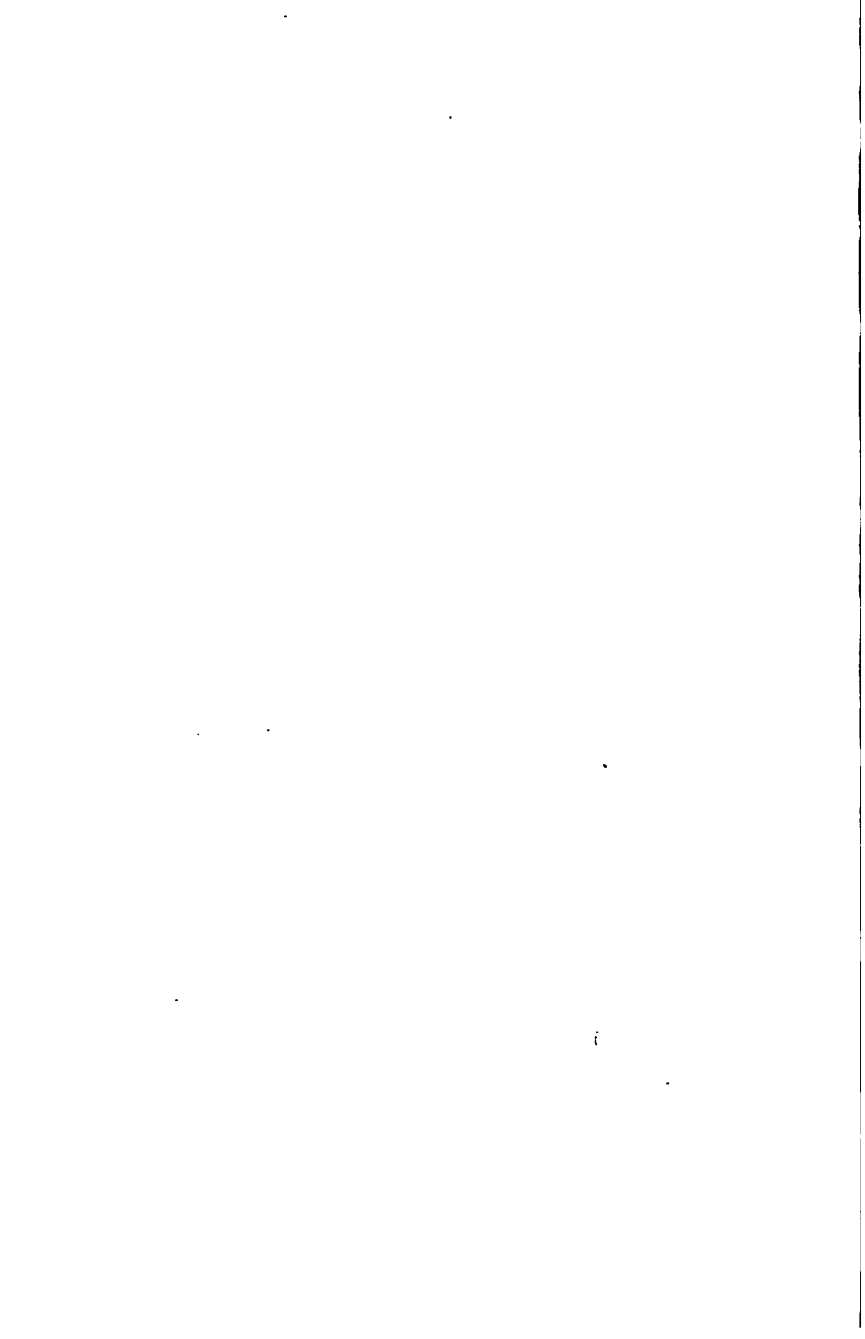
alleys the sidewalk, an innovation of a later enervated age, cannot be built. Here the pedestrian must still learn to flatten himself against the wall or dodge into a doorway when carriages or carts fly by.

Tram-cars are confined to the newer thoroughfares; but there is so much traffic through the old Corso that "omnibuses" have been provided to care for it, miniature trackless horse-cars. In the late afternoon the street becomes too congested for even these primitive vehicles to run with any degree of regularity, and then the 'buses change their route and ply a circuitous course through the crooked streets which attempt to, but never do, run parallel to the Corso.

One hot summer noonday I boarded an omnibus as it was standing in the shade of its northern terminal at the Gate of the People. In the course of time the driver roused himself from the nap in which he had been indulging, looked at his watch, shook the reins over the horses and started off without noticing that the car was minus the conductor, who had wandered off to chat with some friends. Before he returned, we were already across the broad Piazza del Popolo and headed down the Corso. The belated official blew several vociferous blasts on the shrill whistle which serves instead of a bell to signal starts and stops; but the driver was still only half awake and paid no attention. The conductor accordingly started to run after us at the best pace of which he was cap-



The Piazza del Popolo and the Pincian Hill



able. There were two other passengers in the 'bus, and as they did not seem to feel called upon to stop the vehicle, I decided to sit still also and watch the race. The horses were feeling fresh after their rest and stepped out at a good speed. The conductor would gain very slowly, pause to blow ear-splitting blasts on his whistle, gesticulate wildly, and then take up the chase again. He was so winded by running that the whistling became weaker and weaker, and he was so delayed by the pauses to whistle that his running was futile. The few people abroad on the streets stopped to watch the race, but no one cared to spoil the fun by notifying the unconscious driver of the comedy taking place behind him. So the pursuit kept up through the scorching midday sun for more than half the length of the Corso, until the driver suddenly became aware that all was not right, and pulled up his horses. When at last the conductor, oozing wrath and perspiration, climbed aboard the omnibus, he explained in detail to the passengers just what he thought of us and each of us, and in the process exhausted the very limited vocabulary of Italian profanity—a watery profanity whose most violent expression is "I want to kill you." I was really sorry that he did not have command of a language like English, whose rich supply of synonyms is so eminently fitted for just such an occasion as this.

In the cool of the late afternoons in summer, "all

ITALIAN LANES AND HIGHROADS

the world" drives in the Corso, and the rest of the population of Rome walks there. Then the narrow cañon between the palace walls is crammed with an apparently inextricable confusion of carriages, automobiles and pedestrians. Slowly the counter-streams move up and down the famous thoroughfare, just seeing and being seen, in the Italian fashion.

When evening comes, vehicles of all kinds are excluded from the Corso, and the whole street is given over to the pleasant custom of taking the air. Then the cafés expand from the narrow limits to which they are confined during the day. Tables and chairs are set out on the sidewalks, in the street, and half-way across the Piazza Colonna. I have sometimes tried to imagine what New York's Broadway would look like with all the vehicular traffic turned aside to other streets and the restaurants spread out over the pavement. The suggestion sounds very ridiculous, and yet in Rome, if the custom were done away with, I believe that it would be mourned by travelers fully as much as the destruction of St. Peter's or the Colosseum. I have always found it very easy, as well as pleasant, to "do as the Romans do."

The café is an institution which the Italians have brought to the highest state of perfection. This is a strictly continental production, unknown in Anglo-Saxon countries. In Germany, however, it is overshadowed by the beer gardens, and in France it is spoiled by its use as a drinking-place. The attrac-

ROME—THE ITALIAN CAPITAL

tiveness of the Italian café is due to two racial characteristics, the gregarious instincts of the people, and their genius as pastry cooks. By an unwritten but universally observed law, a single order entitles one to the possession of a tiny iron table as long as he cares to stay. There is no premature presentation of the bill as a hint to leave, no pointed question by the waiter as to whether you wish something more. An order of *caffè nero* or ice cream and cakes—and one is left undisturbed for hours. And such ice cream and such cakes! The frozen dainties are of exquisite flavors, and the delectable *pasti* are of an infinite variety of shape and design and ingredients, each more luscious than the other. The waiter brings a basket of twelve of these incomparable little cakes, and when you call for the bill he counts the number left, and you pay for those that are missing.

There is no better place to study the modern Romans than the Piazza Colonna on a summer evening when the military band plays. You must be early at your favorite café to get a choice table, not on the outer row where the street peddlers are apt to be an annoyance, but still near the edge where you can see the people. An Italian crowd is always picturesque. Not only is there the variety and brilliancy of the costumes—multicolored uniforms of the military, gray and brown habits of the friars, kerchiefs with startling and impossible combinations of hues, som-

ITALIAN LANES AND HIGHROADS

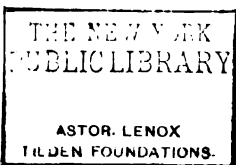
ber cassocks of the priesthood, and flaming waistcoats of the young dandies—but there is a delightful frankness in the expression of the emotions of the people. Where northern races suppress their feelings in public, the Italian will proclaim upon the street corner his affection, admiration, surprise, wrath or hatred; not only in a loud voice, but with gesticulations and shrugs and a play of facial expression which would convey his meaning even to a deaf man.

So the kaleidoscopic crowds beneath the arc lights in the Piazza Colonna are a source of unfailing interest. They circulate about the square; quietly while the band plays, but breaking into rapid and melodious chatter between the numbers. Waiters hurry about the cafés, urged on at times by some impatient patron who raps on the little table with his cane in order to hasten the *cameriere*. Newsboys call out the late editions of the evening papers, ragamuffins mingle with the crowds in the hope of begging a copper or finding a discarded cigarette, late comers hover at the edge of the café waiting for a table to be vacated; and all the while, above the brilliantly lighted band-stand, the dark, weathered Column of Marcus Aurelius lifts its carven marble shaft far up into the darkness of the overhanging night.

From the lights and music and life of the Piazza Colonna, it is only a few steps to the silence of the Piazza della Rotonda. The way thither leads



The Piazza Colonna and the Column of Marcus Aurelius



ROME—THE ITALIAN CAPITAL

through some of the oldest and narrowest of Roman streets, where in the Middle Ages it would have been exceedingly perilous to walk at night without a body-guard of men-at-arms. Advancing civilization has removed the danger; but within the gloomy alleys between the frowning, fortress-like old palaces, there still lurks an atmosphere of mystery and tragedy. We half expect to see an armed figure crouching in the shadow of some recessed doorway, but we seldom meet any one more formidable than a belated market-woman. Soon the dark cañon opens into the Piazza della Rotonda, and there, in the softening glow of the moonlight or of its artificial substitute the street lamps, we see the most beautiful and the best preserved of the buildings of ancient Rome, the Pantheon. The square is now free from the noisy traffic of the day, and the cracks and blemishes of the ages are invisible.

The Colosseum by moonlight is a severe mental strain. It requires a stretching of the imagination to reconstruct the shattered walls and to people the arena with lions and gladiators and martyrs. On the other hand, the Pantheon by electric light is in itself a thing of wonderful beauty, restful and satisfying. It brings us without effort very close to the past.

Founded during the reign of Augustus, the temple was given its present form by the Emperor Hadrian. After the fall of pagan worship, it was dedicated as a Christian church and is still known as

ITALIAN LANES AND HIGHROADS

Santa Maria Rotonda. Like Santa Maria degli Angeli within the ruins of the Baths of Diocletian, it is a National Monument, the property of the Italian kingdom, and so is not within the ecclesiastical jurisdiction of the pope. Hence these two churches are used by the royal family, the one for their marriages and the other for their funerals, and will be so used as long as the feud between the Quirinal and the Vatican continues.

The interior of the Pantheon is one vast dome, of equal height and breadth, the largest ever constructed by the hand of man. The curving walls are unbroken by windows, but the whole edifice is flooded with the light which pours from the sky through a huge circular opening at the very top. Every line which meets the eye is a curve, and the effect of this unique construction is wonderfully impressive. There is a feeling as if one were under an arch like that of the bending sky; smaller indeed, but only a little smaller.

In the seven niches of the walls, where once stood the statues of the pagan gods, there are now altars and tombs. This is the mortuary chapel of the Italian kings, and in the central alcoves on either side are buried the two deceased monarchs of the united nation. These tombs are truly regal in their simplicity. The bronze sarcophagi are let into the wall and are inscribed, the one, "Vittorio Emanuele II. Pater Patriæ"; the other, "Umberto I." Monarchs

ROME—THE ITALIAN CAPITAL

need no epitaphs. The Italian people always keep the last resting-places of their rulers surrounded with flowers. Banked beneath the coffins are wreaths and bouquets and bronze memorials from the cities and villages of Italy, from veteran regiments and patriotic societies, and here and there one from a foreign potentate. At the time of the celebration of the semi-centennial of the accession of Victor Emmanuel II. to the new-made throne of Italy, his tomb was almost concealed by the floral tributes to the "Father of His Country."

It was on this occasion that the great monument to the Liberator was dedicated. This gigantic memorial of a nation's affection stands at the southern end of the Corso, just beside the Capitoline Hill. For weeks before the unveiling, a small army of workmen were busy all day and all night putting the finishing touches to the stone work, completing the mosaics, removing the scaffolding, repaving the square and all the surrounding streets, and preparing the monument so that it might be ready for the great event. On the evening before the dedication, I was in the Piazza Venezia, and even then, by the gleam of great arc lights, the last final touches were being given to the huge structure. This was very close reckoning when one remembers that the work had been going on without a break since the laying of the corner-stone over twenty-six years ago.

There has never before been so colossal a monu-

ITALIAN LANES AND HIGHROADS

ment as this erected to the memory of any man. There is nothing elsewhere with which it can be compared. It is as long as the nave of St. Peter's, wider than the great Colosseum, and as high as the Capitoline, Palatine and Aventine Hills piled one upon another. From a lofty terrace approached by broad stairways rises the "Altar of the Fatherland," and upon this stands the gilded equestrian statue of the king. A lofty, gently curving colonnade forms the background of the whole.

The morning of the first Sunday in June, 1911, the National Holiday in the semi-centennial year, dawned clear and warm. All Rome was abroad early; for in order to avoid the heat of the day the exercises were to take place at the hour of nine in the morning. Warned by the increasing crowds of the past few days that all Italy would be there, we started at half-past seven. As we had not been wise enough to engage a cab a week beforehand, we walked half-way before we caught one returning empty and persuaded the driver, for an ample consideration, to turn back. Soon we were in the incredibly congested, narrow streets behind the Capitol. The police had been replaced for the occasion by soldiers, regiments of them, who had drawn a cordon half a mile in diameter about the monument. Across every street a double file of infantry was lined up. We were armed with a pass which required that we enter the guarded area by the Via Cremona. It was impossible to force or

ROME—THE ITALIAN CAPITAL

bribe a passage through the military, as we found to our sorrow when the cabman deposited us by mistake in the Via di Marforio. We had to go on foot to the proper street, where the official pass opened a speedy path for us from the insufferable congestion without the barrier to the comparatively empty space within.

For an hour invited guests by the thousands poured up the broad stairways of the monument to find seats upon its terraces and balconies and within its colonnades. They came in an apparently endless stream, the nobility of Italy, members of the House of Deputies, officers of the army and navy, diplomatic representatives of foreign countries, Garibaldi's veterans in their red shirts, the mayors of every city and town and village of the whole country—eight thousand of them—and in the black cassock which marked his profession as far as he could be seen, one lone, solitary priest. As he walked boldly up the white marble steps, a shout went up from half a million throats, which must have reached almost to the palace across the Tiber, where that day the rival ruler of Rome sat a voluntary prisoner.

It was a perfect June morning. Against the deep blue of the Italian sky, the unsullied marble of the monument shone with a dazzling whiteness and formed, in its turn, the background for a rainbow of colors, uniforms of every shade and hue, and the waving flags of a united country. A blare of trum-

ITALIAN LANES AND HIGHROADS

pets greeted the arrival of the royal bodyguard. They were tall, finely built fellows, in white buckskin breeches, high black boots, burnished cuirasses, and gleaming helmets; and when they dismounted from their spirited horses and took their places about the enclosure reserved for the king, they towered head and shoulders above the soldiers massed behind them. Another blare of trumpets, and in state carriages, each drawn by milk-white horses and manned by footmen in scarlet, the royal party arrived. As the monarch walked slowly up the wide steps to the platform below the statue, every soldier presented arms. The guests rose and uncovered. The vast crowd shouted; but it was a feeble effort. Europeans do not have much practice in concerted cheering, and five hundred American college boys at a football game could have drowned out these hundreds of thousands of Italians greeting their king on the greatest occasion in the half century of their country's history.

Victor Emmanuel III. was in a light blue infantry uniform, and with him were the Queen in a white summer dress, the heir apparent, a small boy in a sailor suit, the princesses his sisters, the Queen Mother and visiting royalty. The exercises were very simple and brief, as was proper, for very few of all the vast multitude could hear a word that was said. After a short speech by the premier, the veiling which had concealed the colossal figure of Victor Emmanuel II. was withdrawn, and the statue of the Father

of His Country was disclosed for the first time amid the applause of the loyal populace. One of the cloths caught upon the point of the helmet, and the crowd enjoyed immensely the frantic efforts of the embarrassed officials to disengage it. At last this, too, fluttered down, and the great monument stood complete, white and gold against the Roman sky.

In addition to all the other adornments of the memorial—bronze trophies, marbles statues, sculptured bas-reliefs and brilliant mosaic pictures—there are two large fountains which gurgled and sparkled throughout the ceremony. This was fitting, for Rome is preëminently the city of splashing water. There are fountains in every square, forever gushing their bubbling streams into the basins which never fill. Hundreds of thousands of gallons are thus poured out daily for adornment, and much of this is brought through the ancient aqueducts. Few of the fountains are beautiful in themselves; some, like the *Barcaccia* of Bernini, are distinctly ugly. But there is a witchery in the jeweled streams and the sparkling spray that makes one forget the lack of sculptured art.

One of the largest of these fountains, and from an artistic point of view one of the least attractive, is the *Fontana di Trevi* in a tiny square close to the busy *Corso*. Below the figures of Neptune and his sea-horses, the water gushes forth and dashes over artificial rocks into a wide basin below. Tradition

says that if the stranger on the last night before he leaves Rome comes here, drinks of the water, and casts a copper coin into the fountain, he will be sure, no matter what befalls, to return some day to Rome. There are few who have felt the fascination of the Eternal City, have plucked the scarlet poppies among its storied ruins and listened to the solemn music in its ancient churches, and tasted the luscious pastry in its hospitable cafés, who do not, before quitting reluctantly the most interesting of all the cities of the earth, take out insurance at the Fountain of Trevi.

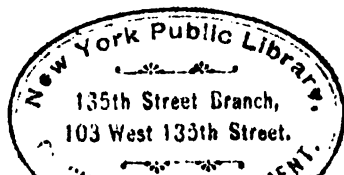
VII

THE WALLED TOWNS OF UMBRIA

FROM the lowlands north of the Roman Campagna, the railway winds upward toward Umbria, a mountainous district in the very center of the Italian peninsula. Beyond Orte we enter a narrow gorge, through which dashes the wild little river Nera, and emerge again just below the stronghold of Narni. This town is perched so high upon the summit of the precipitous rock which overhangs the entrance of the valley that it is invisible from the railway. It is only upon reaching the station half a mile further on and looking back, that we can see the gray houses clustered about the battlemented castle which crowns the lofty crag.

It is such well-nigh inaccessible situations which have kept the Hill Towns of Italy unimproved by modern progress and unspoiled by modern commerce, so that they present to-day an almost perfect picture of life in the Middle Ages. Like all the Umbrian towns, Narni is far away from the railway station, and it is not supplied with the conveniences of modern life to which one becomes accustomed in Rome. To enjoy the mediæval atmosphere of these ancient and still

[97]



ITALIAN LANES AND HIGHROADS

primitive villages of central Italy, we must often endure mediæval discomforts. The only means of communication between Narni and the outside world is a tiny, stuffy omnibus. Having no choice, we double ourselves into the miniature vehicle and are driven back along the rapid Nera. We cross the river by the mediæval bridge, whose center is spanned by the fortress-like tower built for its defence in time of war. Near by are the ruins of the gigantic Bridge of Augustus, which in Roman days bore the Flaminian Way high above the river on three enormous arches. Two have now fallen; but one has defied the centuries and is still intact, a monument to the greatness of the Roman road-builders.

Upon leaving the river, we go off to the left, and turn our back on Narni. But that is the way to town. We soon get used to circuitous routes in this Umbrian country. The modern roads are built on easy grades; and many twists and turns are required, and often long detours, to reach the heights. But a drive through Umbria is never uninteresting. There is so much to see by the way—peasant women working in the fields, the slow, mild-eyed oxen drawing enormous loads on clumsy, springless carts, ragged boys tending sheep along the roadside, and the farm-hands taking their midday rest in the shade of the olive trees. Then the road turns again for the last time, and we see before us the crumbling, grass-grown walls of the lofty town.

THE WALLED TOWNS OF UMBRIA

To most of us classical Rome means the City; imperial Rome brings to mind the far-off boundaries of the Empire—in Britain, along the Danube, or in Northern Africa. One is apt to forget that between these lay Italy, filled with populous and prosperous towns. Many of these still exist; but they were repeatedly sacked and burned and rebuilt, in the stormy centuries when old structures were of no value except as they could be made to serve as a defence against the enemy. The result has been that here, as in Rome itself, only fragments of the glorious past remain.

The situation of Narni, on a lofty rock overlooking on one side the gorge of the Nera and on the other the plain, was very desirable in ancient and mediæval times. It was one of the great Roman outposts in the early days when northern Italy had not yet been subdued. In primitive times it guarded the pass, and later the Flaminian Way, the famous high-road between the north and the capital; but there is little within the walls of Narni now to recall its importance as a Roman provincial town. Its usefulness is over; its work is done. The smoke of factories rises from the lowlands, and the railway below carries prosperity and wealth to neighboring cities; but modern commerce will not climb to such inaccessible places. It prefers the valleys, which are just as safe now as the heights.

The guide-books say that the "Inn of the Eagle" at Narni has a fine view from the rear windows. It

ITALIAN LANES AND HIGHROADS

has; but there its virtues stop. After looking it over, I decided to go on to the next town for the night; but I dined perforce at the "Eagle." Foreign guests are apparently an event at this hostelry. The landlord has a very round body and very short legs, and a very slight exertion causes him to breathe audibly. He spread a very soiled napkin over his left arm and attended us in person, transmitting our orders in a stentorian voice to his spouse in the kitchen at the other end of the house, and interspersing them with epithets not always endearing. I felt sorry for his wife—until I had tasted her cooking! I have stayed at many inns of many kinds in Italy, but there is one to which I shall never go back.

As soon as possible, I escaped from the "Eagle," to wander at random through the picturesque by-ways. As in all Hill Towns, the streets are very narrow, often only six or eight feet wide, and in the steeper parts become veritable stairways. They are, of course, impracticable for wagons, and all the traffic of the town is carried on donkey-back. But for the stranger, these narrow ways are very fascinating. They clamber up among the houses; they twist and turn in and out among the buildings, sometimes diving through a dark archway under a dwelling, and sometimes ending in a blank wall which compels the traveler to retrace his steps.

The streets of Narni are cluttered with refuse, the houses are in bad repair, and the once proud

THE WALLED TOWNS OF UMBRIA

castle is used as a prison. The people are very, very poor. But they take life with the cheerful fatalism which is characteristic of the Italians. They relieve the gloom of their dark, squalid streets with masses of brilliant flowers, which bloom in boxes on the crumbling sills, or in pots set in iron rings driven into the walls. The old crones knitting in the shade and the workmen within the open doorways of the shops greet the stranger with a cheery *buon giorno*; the children gather in clusters at a little distance, and gaze at him with undisguised but respectful interest. I was struck by the spirit of the people. With an adequate opportunity, these cheerful peasants would work hard and achieve success. But to find that opportunity, they must come out of the past into the present, and descend from the old town to which they cling with such affection.

The defile of the Nera contracts again as we go northward from Narni; and we must traverse many miles of a wild, mountainous country which is too barren for cultivation even by the industrious Italian, before we reach the incomparable Valley of Spoleto.

This vale of Umbria, encircled by the high Apennines, crossed by the young Tiber, and surrounded by a circlet of ancient strongholds, lies in the very center of the heart of Italy. Beneath the shadow of its lofty heights were fought countless battles—in the dim primæval times between the Umbrians and the

ITALIAN LANES AND HIGHROADS

Etruscans; and then, after the dawn of history, between the Etruscans and the younger race which had grown to manhood upon the seven hills of Rome. Here, centuries later, the barbarian hordes left their red trail as they marched against helpless, decadent Rome. Here Alaric and Charlemagne burned and sacked and slaughtered, in the rough days when Italy had become the prey of nations. Then, upon the ruins, the independent communes of the Middle Ages arose and fought among themselves wars more bitter and bloody than those of Etruscan or Roman or Teuton. Here, to-day, the simple peasant tills the fertile fields and tends the luxuriant vineyards and olive groves in the sunlit peace.

Spoletto, at the southern end of this fascinating valley, is a very ancient town. The bit of old city wall that is still standing is a history of Umbria in stone. The large polygonal blocks at the base were placed there so long ago that the race which builded thus has passed out of memory. Some say that they were the Umbri, that little-known people whom the Romans overcame and obliterated. Some call this work Pelasgic, here a mere name, imported from Greece where similar remains are found. Still others call it Cyclopean; for the ancients considered such building so superhuman that they attributed it to the Cyclops, or giants. Above the structure of the Umbri, or Pelasgi, or Cyclops—you may take your choice—are the regular, carefully shaped, oblong



The Valley of Spoleto

blocks of the Roman builders and conquerors. Still higher are the smaller, odd-sized stones of mediæval masonry, together with more modern brick-work.

Spoletto, although sitting on a hill, spreads down her skirt until it touches the plain; so that modern progress, that slothful lover, has been able to woo her without too great an exertion. There is much business here, and consequently an air of activity and rural prosperity quite foreign to most of the Hill Towns. But Spoletto has not reached the stage of tearing down her barns to build greater, and so the atmosphere of antiquity has not yet been lost.

There is hardly a spot in Italy, outside of the Eternal City itself, where so much of old Rome can be found. Near the Piazza del Mercato, where the peasants bring their produce on market-day, one of the narrow streets is spanned by the dark, weathered Arch of Drusus and Germanicus. Its sides have been built into adjoining houses, and the lower portion has been buried by the dust and debris of the ages; but if the circumambient obstructions could be removed, it would stand out like those later triumphal arches in the Forum at Rome. This one was erected in honor of Drusus, stepson of Augustus and son-in-law of Marc Antony, in commemoration of his victories over the German tribes along the Rhine, and in honor of his still more distinguished son, who received the name Germanicus as a reward for his brilliant military successes over the same enemies of the Empire. But

THE WALLED TOWNS OF UMBRIA

why was it set up at Spoleto? Perhaps some antiquarian can answer the question.

The steps to the right of the arch lead to the tenth century church of Sant' Ansano, built upon what seems to be a Roman temple. Only a part of this has been excavated, for fear of undermining the church above; but enough has been exposed to view to show what a beautiful building it must have been. As an evidence that Spoleto is wide-awake, it might be mentioned that, in all the excavations in the town, candles have been replaced by electricity. As we hesitate to enter the dark subterranean passage, the custodian turns a switch, and all is light.

There are Roman remains everywhere in Spoleto. The whole large Piazza Vittorio Emanuele has been artificially supported, so that the amphitheater beneath might be excavated. One of the most interesting of the recent discoveries is the house of the mother of the Emperor Vespasian, under the present Municipal Palace. Hardly more than the mosaic floor remains, but this is in beautiful preservation. If the royal matron, however, should return to-day, she would be surprised to find her home illuminated with incandescent lights. Nearly everything Roman in Spoleto is subterranean. There are no open excavations as in the Forum at Rome, because the modern buildings have been too valuable to remove. So underground we go to see the relics of the past. Even the remains of the Roman bridge across the Tessino

are below ground, although the river itself is still flowing in the open air!

But there is another bridge which Father Time has not been able to bury. In Italy, the period from 500 to 1000 A. D. was that of the barbarian invasions; a time of destruction between two eras of great builders. But here the Ponte delle Torri spans not only the ravine behind the castle, but also the gap between Roman and modern times. It was built in the year 604 by the third Lombard Duke of Spoleto. After the fall of Rome, this town had been captured by the Longobardi—"Long Beards," a name which suggests the appearance of these uncouth barbarians. But, like the Normans of France, the Lombards were capable of assimilating speedily the culture of the people whom they conquered. They were surely no barbarians when they built this great aqueduct, seven hundred and fifty feet long, rising two hundred and sixty-six feet from the center of the valley, and so staunchly constructed that to this day it carries the water-supply of the city.

The castle, which towers above, is a much more recent structure. It was built in its present form in the fourteenth century, but polygonal blocks in the foundations show that the first fortifications here were erected by the "Cyclops." Whenever you see an isolated hilltop in central Italy, you may take it for granted that the early inhabitants of the region lived there, Umbrians, Etruscans, Lombards or Ital-

THE WALLED TOWNS OF UMBRIA

ians, they found the air on the heights more conducive to a long life. Only the Romans dared build a city in the plain.

Often in the past this castle was the scene of revelry. Here the beautiful but unprincipled Lucretia Borgia, who at the age of nineteen was appointed Regent of Spoleto, held her gorgeous court for a year. To-day, however, it is difficult to gain entrance to the castle and still more difficult for those inside to get out again. For, like so many of the old fortresses in Italy, it is used as a prison.

Just below its walls is the cathedral, a building which, architecturally, is more pleasing in its details than in the general effect. It was restored in the twelfth century; but the finest portion, the Renaissance portico with a charming open-air pulpit at either end, was added three hundred years later. Umbria is justly famed for its rose windows, with their delicate lace-like tracery of carved stone. But the Spoletans have built with more enthusiasm than good taste, and have fairly covered the front of their church with no fewer than eight of these windows, of different sizes and most of them blind, that is, not opening into the interior.

The finest of the pictures in the church are the frescoes of Filippo Lippi, that very human monk who cared far more for the bewitching face of a pretty model than for the lifeless reproduction in his own painting. He died while at work here and is

ITALIAN LANES AND HIGHROADS

buried in the cathedral, where Lorenzo the Magnificent erected a beautiful tomb over his bones.

A few miles north of Spoleto is the source of the Clitumnus, a little stream which bursts forth full-grown from the rocks at the base of the mountains. This spot was noted in antiquity for its beauty, and has been sung by many poets. Vergil praises it in his "Georgics," and Byron apostrophizes it—

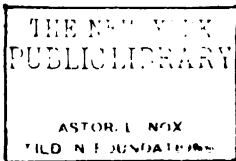
"But thou, Clitumnus! . . . Thou dost rear
Thy grassy banks whereon the milk-white steer
Grazes; the purest god of gentle waters!
And most serene of aspect, and most clear."

I believe that this little stream, barely ten miles long, is the shortest *famous* river in the world.

Here have been bred for twenty-five centuries the celebrated white oxen of the Clitumnus. They are enormous animals, sometimes nearly six feet in height to their broad, flat backs. It is seldom that you see an Italian peasant taller than his oxen, and the donkeys and small horses of the country look puny beside them. They are beautiful, too, with their large expressive eyes. Homer really paid Juno a very delicate compliment when he called her "ox-eyed." The peasant takes pride in his team, carefully blackens the tips of their horns, and keeps their sleek white coats in such condition that they glisten in the sunlight like snow. He also decorates their foreheads with queer little colored tassels, which dangle about



Oxen of the Clitumnus



THE WALLED TOWNS OF UMBRIA

their eyes in what, to most animals, would be a most annoying fashion. But nothing ever seems to disturb the calm placidity of the Umbrian oxen.

Seen from a distance, Trevi is one of the most strikingly picturesque of the Hill Towns. It lies just beyond the source of the Clitumnus, upon the summit of a symmetrical, cone-shaped peak, so steep that it seems impossible that a carriage could ever ascend it. But the government has constructed roads through all the hill country, and good roads they are too, though they may take devious ways to reach their destinations. That to Trevi goes off to the right, climbs the mountain behind, and then crosses back over a saddle to the town.

Upon my arrival, I found that there was only one conveyance at the railway station, a tiny, rickety omnibus, minus the driver. After a search, I discovered him chatting with some of the many officials who are needed to attend to the business of even the smallest of Italian railway stations. When at last we started, I found him inclined to be sociable. The omnibus carried the mail and so had to make its stated four trips every day, whether or not there were passengers—who, I decided after I had seen the town, were a rare treat for the driver.

In spite of the unfamiliar local dialect and the fact that his enunciation was marred by the loss of two front teeth, I got much information from him. I

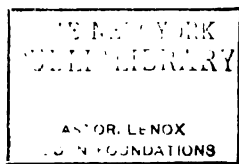
ITALIAN LANES AND HIGHROADS

learned that many—he said “all”—of the men of Trevi had emigrated to America; for one made but the scantiest living here. The farm laborers were paid twenty cents a day, and a mail-driver like himself, by working from six in the morning until midnight, was able to earn only eight dollars a month. But as we rose upon the convolutions of the road, higher and higher above the valley, my driver forgot the hardness of his lot in his enthusiasm over the beauty of the scene that was unrolled below us. *Ah, la bella campagna!* he exclaimed repeatedly, “Oh, the beautiful valley! the beautiful valley!” Eight times a day, up and down, year in and year out, this unlettered Italian made the same trip, but for him it never became monotonous; the glory of Umbria never palled upon him.

When I left the station, it was a clear, sunny day. When I descended from the omnibus in the principal square an hour later, the sky was dark and overcast. It seemed as though the weather was in sympathy with the scene, for Trevi is the most gloomy and melancholy of cities. As in other Hill Towns, the narrow streets are paved from wall to wall with rough stones; the houses of stone, darkened and roughened by age, rise high on each side; the shadowy passages wind their sinuous way up and down between the gray, lichen-covered palaces. But while the other towns of Umbria are enlivened by the cheery Italian, whose spirits no poverty can depress, Trevi is almost



Trevi—The Typical Hill Town



THE WALLED TOWNS OF UMBRIA

deserted. The driver had hardly exaggerated the extent of the exodus. It seemed like a city of the dead. I wandered through street after street without seeing a human being. The only sounds were my own footfalls on the stones, echoed back by the otherwise silent houses. It was so eerie that I was tempted to go on tip-toe, even in broad daylight. Occasionally I saw a cat, which slunk away as I approached. The few people whom I passed stood silent in the doorways, and not one greeted me. I tried once or twice wishing them "good-day," as is the custom throughout Umbria, but they returned only a suspicious stare and remained silent. Strangest of all, there were no children to give life and animation to the streets. And this was Italy! Up and down I walked, through the picturesque old ways—for they are indeed picturesque—but for all the life I saw, it might have been a city stricken by pestilence.

Foligno, just beyond Trevi, is the most surprising of the "Hill Towns"—for it is built in the midst of a level plain. Two broad streets cross at right angles in the center of the city, other narrow streets run parallel to them, and all are *straight*—an unheard-of thing in Umbria. The explanation, however, is simple. Foligno was built on the site and the ground-plan of a Roman camp. But when there was no longer a Roman legion to defend it, the place became the prey of every roving band of marauders

ITALIAN LANES AND HIGHROADS

which crossed Umbria. Barbarians from the north, and the armies of Foligno's loving neighbors, alternated in sacking the town.

With this ill-starred history in mind, we expect to find very few memorials of the past here, and we shall not be disappointed. Only the cathedral has survived the general devastation. It stands in the market-place opposite the modern Municipal Palace. The façade is a beautiful piece of Romanesque architecture, with elaborate carving around the doorways. But the interior, after having been spared by the unscrupulous armies of the Dark Ages, has been desecrated by the restorer. It was modernized in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, and is now a nightmare of baroque and whitewash. I remained in the cathedral only long enough to realize that, from an artistic point of view, everything in Umbria later than 1550 is atrocious; and then went out into the open square again to watch the people.

It was market day, which is still an institution throughout the rural portions of Italy. From all the country around, the peasants had come in with their fruit and vegetables and other produce, and set up stalls in the *piazza*. Here, beneath huge white umbrellas, the women sat and knitted, or gossiped with one another, while the men lounged on the shady side of the square or in the nearby cafés.

Montefalco is one of the few towns on the western

THE WALLED TOWNS OF UMBRIA

slopes of the Valley of Spoleto. It is a beautiful drive thither from Foligno, through the green-bordered lanes of this fascinating Umbrian country and past the fertile fields and silvery olive groves, with Montefalco's lofty hill-top, crowned by its battlemented walls, in sight before us all the way.

At the foot of the slope we stopped at a farmhouse and, in response to our driver's summons, a boy brought out a diminutive donkey and hitched it beside our horse. The Italians are particularly careful of their beasts when driving a foreigner who can afford to pay an extra *lira* for an additional animal; and it is very common on the steeper roads to supplement the horse with a donkey or even a pair of oxen. The boy was a fine-looking young Italian, barefooted, of course, but with a clean white shirt. He walked all the way, and carried a stout stick which he used, not to beat the donkey, but to prod him, sometimes so viciously that it seemed certain the stick would penetrate the burro's vitals. But I noticed that whenever he stopped this prodding the donkey's traces would sag.

Toward the end of the journey the road became steeper, gave two more violent twists, and we stopped before the massive gateway of the town. The driver told us that we must enter on foot. We protested vehemently, but finally had to yield, and after we were once inside the walls, we saw the reason for the unusual request. One broad street, standing almost

on end, leads to the *piazza* at the summit of the town, and from each side of it narrow byways drop off out of sight. It would need more than the prodded assistance of the little donkey to draw the carriage here.

Montefalco has to-day only about three thousand inhabitants, and the circuit of its walls shows that it can never have been very large. Because of its remote situation, it is now outside the sphere of influence of the railway, that modern despot which sways the destinies of cities with its literally iron rule. The people of Montefalco have little business, less money, and apparently no ambition. They are rich only in leisure.

During the Middle Ages, however, the town was wealthy, and attracted so many of the artists of the Renaissance that it is still a very important place for the study of Italian painting. Each church contains some treasure; but the greater number are in San Francesco—now desecrated—which has been taken over by the government as a National Monument and turned into a State museum.

I had been told that it would be difficult to find the custodian. Visitors to these small towns are so few that the keepers of the museums lock up their charges and go about their ordinary occupations until their services are needed. When wanted, they may be anywhere in the town. I had discovered, however, one sure way to find them. By the time we reached the principal square we were followed by a

THE WALLED TOWNS OF UMBRIA

number of small boys, each volunteering to call the "*custode*." I selected one bright little fellow for the task, and in less than two minutes he was back with the uniformed official, and felt well paid by the ten *centesimi* which I gave him.

I am not going to describe the paintings at Montefalco. It would be a fruitless task. Until one has seen their works in the surroundings amid which they were produced—and because most of them are unremovable frescoes, they cannot be seen anywhere else—Lo Spagna, Perugino, Tiberio d'Assisi, and Benozzo Gozzoli are empty names. As I turned to leave the tiny museum, with such a wealth in its two-score paintings, it occurred to me that Umbria is the only rural community that has ever developed a great "school" of art.

If I had to decide which one of these beautiful Umbrian towns surpasses all the others in picturesqueness, I think that I should choose Spello. It has been left in a back eddy by the current of modern progress, and the people are very poor; but it is a town of light and color, of gardens and flowers and children!

The entrance is very imposing; for it is a real Roman city-gateway, of massive construction. Originally there were three passages through it; but the gradual raising of the level of the ground has rendered the two at the sides useless, and they are now

ITALIAN LANES AND HIGHROADS

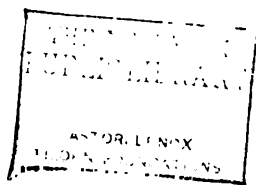
closed up. Upon corbels above stand three statues, sadly mutilated, to be sure, but still in the places from which they have looked down on the wars and sieges of two thousand years. The royal arms above the gate show that the structure, like almost all the precious relics of antiquity in the country, has been taken over by the government as a National Monument. Italy deserves much credit for the effort it is making to preserve for future generations the great memorials of its past. But there is a touch of irony in the protection of this massive gateway, which has withstood the assaults of so many centuries, by the young kingdom which it will in all probability outlast.

The *piazza* at Spello is now named for Victor Emmanuel II. The modern Italians are intensely patriotic, and they have ruthlessly swept away many fine old names of streets and squares in order to honor the great men who liberated and united the country. No town is now so small, no village so mean, but it can boast a Piazza Vittorio Emanuele Secondo, a Via Garibaldi, or a Corso Umberto Primo. Another popular name is Via Venti Settembre, "Twentieth of September Street," which commemorates the capture of Rome by the forces of the king in 1870.

In the higher parts of Spello the byways become very steep as they wind toward the summit, but they are well-paved and very clean. The streets of most of the Hill Towns are paved with cobbles, worn



A Street in Spello



THE WALLED TOWNS OF UMBRIA

smooth in places by the travel of centuries, but at best uncomfortable for walking. Those of Spello, however, are usually set with squared blocks of stone; and in the middle runs a little pathway of brick about two feet wide. This is but one of the many little things in Spello which the stranger notes at every turn, and which combine to produce the delightful impression that he carries away with him.

At the very apex of the hill on which the city is built, the traveler emerges suddenly from the shadow of the narrow streets upon a small, grassy terrace, which opens out to one of the wonderful views in which Umbria abounds. Beneath the parapet, the hill drops off precipitously to the valley, which stretches out its whole green length below. Forty miles it stretches, from Perugia on the north to Spoleto on the south, its level floor checkered with vineyards and olive groves and fields of waving grain, while the surrounding mountains rear their bare, gray peaks far above. Between the plain and the mountains lies the circlet of wall-girt towns, Spoleto, Montefalco, Bevagna, Trevi, Perugia, Assisi; each perched on its battlemented eyrie. All is bathed in the translucent, scintillating, Umbrian atmosphere, which emphasizes every gradation of distance with a thousand subtle tints, and gives to the deeper colors a marvelous brilliancy.

I spent a couple of hours on the Belvedere, beside the crumbling "Tower of the Beautiful View"—sole

ITALIAN LANES AND HIGHROADS

remnant now of the mediæval castle—watching the play of sunlight and shade over the landscape. Several summer showers came up from beyond Montefalco. I could trace their course by their shadows, small patches of dark which raced gleefully over the brightness of the valley, and climbed Monte Subasio to disappear behind his gray summit. One gentle shower visited Spello and persuaded me to take shelter for a time under the portico of the small church which faces the *piazza*. But it was soon over, and I left the enchantment of the view to stroll down again through the town.

There are some beautiful pictures in Spello's churches, notably the frescoes of Pinturicchio in the Cathedral of Santa Maria Maggiore; but who could spend much time in musty buildings when out-of-doors is so fascinating? In every direction are pictures painted in living colors. The narrow streets are often in deep shadow, but they are never gloomy. There is green everywhere. Tall trees nod over garden walls; vines clamber over the houses, where they find an easy hold among the crevices, or are trained from wall to wall above the streets. At every turn there are vistas through the dark gateways of the city walls to the fair valley below, or up between the weathered façades of old palaces to the unforgettable blue of the Umbrian sky.

VIII

THE SERAPHIC CITY

HIGH up on an Umbrian mountainside there is a quaint old church. The exterior is striped pink and white, in the Tuscan fashion, and huge buttresses support the walls. From the doorway one can look out over the silvery olive trees to the beautiful, green valley far below. Within a tiny chapel beneath the high altar reposes the body of one of the noblest women of the Middle Ages, Santa Chiara. It is but a few steps from the glare of the Italian sun to the darkness of the cool crypt, where only the faint light of a few tapers is reflected from the polished marbles. The wan hand of an unseen nun parts the curtains before the tomb; and there, in a crystal casket, lies the saint herself. Her delicate fingers clasp a crucifix to her breast, and she is calm and beautiful and noble, just as she was laid to rest six hundred years ago. Time and decay have not touched her with their blight; and the rolling centuries, which have so changed the restless world outside, are for her as though they had not been.

So, too, Assisi has remained unchanged throughout the ages. After a long life of turbulence and war, marked at times by exalted virtues and more

ITALIAN LANES AND HIGHROADS

often stained by bloody crimes, the city sank to sleep upon its mountain top. Since then, Time has forgotten it. He has been busy gnawing down proud cities, toppling over kingdoms and empires, and rotting their rulers to impalpable dust. But he has overlooked the tiny Umbrian town and its little Sister Clare.

Assisi is a town, a museum, a shrine and a cult. It is one of the greatest pilgrimage cities of Christendom, ranking close to Jerusalem and Rome; and it contains within its churches a matchless treasure of pre-Raphaelite art; but it is best loved by those who know it best just for its own sweet self, for its rare beauty, and for the ineffable charm which, centuries before St. Francis came to cast about its storied walls the perfume of his holy life, caused the ancient Umbrian town to be called the "Seraphic City."

As we wind up the curving road, past the olive groves, toward the towering walls, we begin already to feel the spell. Between the moss-grown trunks and through the silvery leafage open up alluring vistas of the fertile vale below, of the blue, distant mountains, and of the graceful gray belfries which rise amid the clustered houses on the sloping hillside far above us. From the shadow of the battlemented gateway we pass into the steep, narrow streets of the most beautiful of mediæval towns.

According to an ancient tradition, Assisi was

THE SERAPHIC CITY

founded 865 years before the beginnings of Rome, by Dardanus, the builder of Troy. Scientific investigation, however, would seem to show that for once the legendary date is too recent, for relics of the Stone Age have been unearthed in the neighborhood. The Umbri certainly had a stronghold here, and from it they sallied forth for their ceaseless wars with the Etruscans entrenched upon the opposite height of Perugia. The city was already old when the all-conquering Romans poured their legions through the pass at the southern end of the valley.

Like all provincial towns of classical times, Assisi had a forum. Remains of the ancient market-place are still to be seen beneath the principal *piazza*, but they consist merely of a few foundations and pedestals. Still above ground, however, is the graceful façade of the Temple of Minerva, which is one of the most perfect pieces of Roman architecture that have come down to us. For fifteen hundred years it has been a Christian church, retaining the old name coupled with the new, Santa Maria della Minerva. This edifice has a record of continuous use as a place of worship even longer than the Pantheon at Rome. The marble columns are now black with age, the once lofty approach is buried beneath the pavement of the square; yet the beautiful portico blends harmoniously with its surroundings. In the atmosphere of old Assisi, only the new seems out of place.

The Umbrian towns early adopted Christianity,

ITALIAN LANES AND HIGHROADS

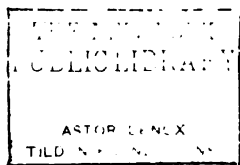
and in the reign of Diocletian, Bishop Rufino of Assisi was martyred by the Romans. The church which contains his tomb, the third edifice which has occupied this site since the ancient prelate was drowned by the emperor's soldiers, is to-day the cathedral. Tradition says that this is also the spot where, in an earlier age, the goddess Ceres was buried. The gentle divinity of fertility and of the hope of immortality could have selected no more fitting place for her sepulture than the eternal hills of Umbria, overlooking the fruitful, sunlit fields which she had so abundantly blessed.

Unlike the other buildings of the town, the cathedral is of a rich reddish-brown stone. It was completed in the year 1140, and the unspoiled façade is a beautiful example of pre-Renaissance architecture. Standing guard at the portals, congregating about the central window and creeping about the doorways are a multitude of the delightfully impossible beasts, unknown to modern science, which were so dear to the hearts of mediæval sculptors. The interior of the church has been modernized—which means utterly spoiled. What a fine sense of the beautiful those rough fellows of the "Dark" Ages had! The seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, improving and renovating their works of art, were like a couple of half-grown bear cubs smoothing with their paws the gorgeous wings of a butterfly.

The somber palaces of the nobles have always lined



Assisi—The Temple of Minerva



THE SERAPHIC CITY

the Via Superba, the ancient aristocratic thoroughfare of Assisi. But the fine old name has now disappeared and the patriotic Italians have renamed it Via Principe di Napoli, after the heir to the throne. This is a much milder kind of vandalism; but with all respect to his diminutive Royal Highness, I prefer the old name. The street, narrow and winding, without sidewalks and paved with great blocks of stone from wall to wall, climbs up from the lower *piazza* to the Square of Minerva. Here and there throughout its length, alleyways drop off down the steep hillside, and through these breaks in the gray line of houses we catch unexpected glimpses out across the distant valley.

Except in name, the Via Superba has not changed since the knights of old used to ride out to their frequent wars. For Assisi was a most pugnacious town and was forever fighting. This was not unusual in the Middle Ages; but while other cities fought for power or glory, the Assisians seem to have indulged in the grim game for the love of it. Because of its small size, its armies were often defeated and the town sacked; but until the sixteenth century its spirit was never broken. Yet, in those mediæval days, a pillage was no light matter. The inhabitants were slaughtered in the blood-drenched streets, everything of value in the houses and the churches was carried off as booty, and then the town was set on fire in order that the work of destruction might be completed.

ITALIAN LANES AND HIGHROADS

It is amazing to read how many times this dire fate overtook Assisi. But the city must have been a veritable phoenix; for after each of these frequent catastrophes it was soon as audacious as ever, flinging defiance at God and man, and ready to fight on any provocation or none.

The old chronicles tell how once upon a time Perugia, the ancient and inveterate enemy of Assisi, came under the influence of one of those frequent waves of passionate religious enthusiasm which swept over mediæval Italy. This most brutal and blood-stained of cities made peace with all the world, and determined henceforth to live in brotherly love with all mankind. In the glow of the new-found virtue, the Perugians hastened to dispatch a herald to Assisi—which of all the neighboring towns had suffered most from their ferocity—in order to announce the joyful tidings of their change of heart. But the Assisians cursed the messenger, threatened to slay him then and there, and sent him back with the word that they wanted war and only war. Straightway the Perugians, forgetting entirely their new-made resolutions, donned their armor, marched across the smiling plain, laid siege to the interpid little town, and once more took it and put all the inhabitants to the sword.

The Seraphic City is to-day one of the holy places of the earth, and in its air of perennial calm it is difficult to realize the spirit of its mediæval citizens,

THE SERAPHIC CITY

who feared God no more than man, and a distant pontiff even less than neighboring Perugia. Once being in need of money to prosecute their countless wars, the Assisans broke into the sanctuary of the church and carried off all the golden vessels and other treasures and sold them. The pope immediately fulminated against the sacrilegious city an interdict, that direst punishment of the Middle Ages; but the people cared not a snap of their fingers for that. When two monks arrived with the papal bull, they seized them, flogged them soundly, and for the amusement of the assembled populace compelled the poor clerics to chew up and swallow the huge leaden seals attached to the document.

Between the mediæval castle upon the summit of the height and the crescent of the town below, there is a strip of hillside clothed with olive groves. As we climb the winding path we are above the town and far, far above the valley, of which we catch frequent glimpses through the gnarled branches. Graceful towers rise above the bright-tiled roofs below; in the distance we can trace the silver thread of the Tiber, and beyond, upon its lofty mountain-seat, the dark towers of Perugia are outlined against the deep blue of the sky.

On my first visit to Assisi, several years ago, when I wished to see the castle, I was told to "ask in the *piazza* for the key." So I went to the square with these delightfully indefinite instructions, and in-

ITALIAN LANES AND HIGHROADS

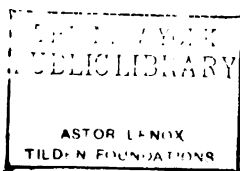
quired of the first person I met, who chanced to be a small boy. He visited several shops and questioned several persons, and at last not only produced the key but insisted on climbing the heights to show me the way—a needless procedure; for all one has to do is to take the steepest street at each turn, and if he keeps going up he is sure to reach the top. To-day, however, there is a keeper at the castle, and the gentle pastime of hunting the key no longer gives the stranger an opportunity of learning the courtesy and kindness of the Assisians.

The first fortifications were built here by Charlemagne after he had captured the city, but the people soon destroyed his castle. It was rebuilt under Cardinal Albornoz in the fourteenth century; and again the people reduced it, this time to the ruin which we see to-day. For Assisi, the castle meant a master. These sturdy, independent folk never took kindly to the idea, and no conqueror ever persisted long in the hopeless effort to rule this hornets' nest of a town. The outer walls of the fortress are still standing, some of them of great thickness, but the inner portion, or keep, is no longer habitable. The roof has fallen, and the floor of the great banquet hall is now overgrown with grass and wild flowers.

From each side of the castle runs the city wall, which even now encloses the town in its still unbroken embrace. There is an outlying tower to the westward, reached by a dark, secret passageway through



Assisi—A Lane Through the Olive Groves



THE SERAPHIC CITY

this wall, and from it can be obtained one of the most magnificent views of this land of broad horizons. Behind the castle, the tiny Tescio draws its turgid waters from the rocky ravine which winds upward until it is lost to sight among the distant, high-piled Apennines. To the southward, Monte Subasio rears its bare, treeless head thousands of feet above. Assisi itself is hidden below a shoulder of the hill, but the whole valley lies spread out like a great green map below—hamlets and fields and orchards, olive and fig and vine and waving grain, until the details are lost in the blue distance at the feet of the encircling mountains.

It is the same view, unchanged except in one or two details, as that which centuries ago enraptured Francesco Bernardone, as he wandered in the springtime a care-free youth over the slopes of Subasio, impelled by the beauty of the earth and the pure joy of living to burst into the songs which the troubadors sang. The only alteration in the aspect of Assisi and the valley since those distant days has been the erection of two churches. Upon the hill where once the hangman's gibbet stood, stands now the sanctuary which encloses the hallowed tomb of that same Francis; and above the groves of the valley rises the far-seen dome of St. Mary of the Angels, a shrine holy to hundreds of thousands of pilgrims, as the place where he prayed and labored and died.

There is no spot more closely associated with St.

Francis than the Portiuncula. Here he received the inspiration of poverty, here he founded the Franciscan Order, here he made his home during all the years of his ministry, and at the last it was here that he was brought to die. About the tiny chapel, which St. Francis called his "Little Portion," has been built a huge modern edifice. This pilgrim church has taken its name from the earlier sanctuary and is known as Santa Maria degli Angeli. Beneath its towering dome stands the Portiuncula, which, in comparison with the surrounding structure, looks like a miniature church. Upon the outer walls, frescoes have been painted, but the interior still remains unchanged. The rough stones are just as they were when the ancient forest of oak trees grew all about and when Egidio and Leo and the other earliest Franciscans prayed before the rude altar.

One evening in springtime, centuries ago, Chiara Scifi, the fair young maid of Assisi, fled from the house of the count, her father, threaded the dark lanes of the forest, and met Francis at the Portiuncula. He cut off her long, golden tresses, and she then took the vow of poverty and charity which she kept so well for forty wonderful years. There is no picture in all Franciscan history more charming than that of the young friar and the beautiful maiden kneeling together in the rude chapel, with the moonlight of the Umbrian spring streaming through the open window on their upturned, raptured faces.

THE SERAPHIC CITY

Beyond the eastern gate of Assisi, a shady lane drops down steeply between the gnarled trunks of the olive trees to San Damiano. It is a tiny convent, with a tiny chapel, and it was already old when Chiara gathered about her, within these secluded precincts, the pious women of the order which she founded. It was here that Francis, in the last year of his life, a wearied old man, nearly blind, broken in health by the rigors of his asceticism and discouraged by the departure of his order from its earlier ideals, came for the last time to seek from Sister Clare the comfort that never failed him. We can picture them sitting together among the flowers of the tiny garden which looks out over the fair valley, the noble woman crowned with her multitude of good works and the emaciated sick man whose spirit had permeated the whole world with a power that is not yet spent. As they sat in silence and watched the dying daylight fade from the distant mountains, and the rosy glow of the Umbrian sunset change to a star-studded purple, their thoughts must have gone back to that solemn night in the springtime when they knelt together in the moonlight at the altar of the Portiuncula.

Without St. Francis, Assisi would still have its natural beauty, its pink-gray houses, its steep, crooked streets, its blue sky and its broad outlook; it would have all the wars and sieges and crimes of its varied history; it would be one of the supremely in-

ITALIAN LANES AND HIGHROADS

teresting Italian towns—but it would not be Assisi. The spirit of the most magnetic personality of the Middle Ages still pervades the Seraphic City and casts to-day over the stranger the spell which all Italy felt during his lifetime.

Upon a high feast day, I followed a procession of devout Assisians throughout the length of the town. Under a golden canopy the white-haired bishop bore the Host, escorted by the clergy in gorgeous vestments. The confraternities, lay brothers in gray gowns, carried aloft huge sacred pictures, painted banners and gilded crucifixes. Behind these came the new communicants, demure little girls with folded hands and bent heads, and young lads subdued by the solemnity of the occasion. Peasants followed reverently, men with browned, seamed faces, bent women prematurely gray, and aged crones hobbling painfully behind.

From the crowded square before the venerable cathedral they marched—the cathedral where the preaching of the young Francis persuaded the gentle Chiara to leave her home of luxury in order to devote her life to the poor and the outcast. Down the steep streets, strewn with fragrant branches of box, to the pink and gray church where the noble lady now sleeps in her crystal casket; under the shadow of the great buttresses they passed, and still onward to Santa Maria Maggiore. Here the procession paused a moment in the tiny square before the bishop's pal-

THE SERAPHIC CITY

ace, a quiet *piazza* where once the boy Francis surrendered to his angry father the very raiment from his back, so that he might enter the new life freed of all obligations to the old. Still downward slowly wound the reverent train, to the lowest part of the town, where San Pietro from its grassy square looks out over the walls to the distant valley. Thence upward, through the kneeling throng, the bishop bore the Host to the shrine of St. Francis himself.

Outside, the sky was dazzling blue; the very air scintillated with the sunlight of an Umbrian May. By contrast, the darkness of the lower church was night-like. As we entered, the floor was ankle-deep with fragrant branches, the air was heavy with the perfumed smoke from a score of swinging censers. The tall tapers on the altar threw a fitful gleaming over the embroidered vestments of the priests, caught now and again a point of light upon the golden vessels, and touched here and there the brilliant kerchiefs upon the heads of the kneeling women. The soft hues of the ancient frescoes in the vaulted transepts and dim chapels glowed warm and indistinct through the heavy air, like the last embers of an Umbrian sunset. At the tinkle of a silvery bell, the shadowy figures of the congregation knelt reverently, while the venerable bishop elevated the Host, and the wavering candle-light played over the silence of the scene.

As we passed out once more into the brightness of

ITALIAN LANES AND HIGHROADS

the May morning, the ancient bells in the gray tower above crashed and boomed and clanged and pealed, as rich and sweet and mellow as if the very stones of the Seraphic City had melted into music.

IX

TWO ETRUSCAN STRONGHOLDS

DIAGONALLY across the valley from Assisi, upon a jutting spur of the Apennines a full thousand feet above the plain, the towers of Perugia look out over the valley—Perugia, the farthestmost city of the Etruscans and their last bulwark against the advancing Romans; the unstable Guelph stronghold, always ready to fight the enemies of the papacy except when at war with the pope himself; the terror of Umbria and the Marches; the bloody lair of the Baglioni, the bravest, handsomest and vilest pack of wolves that mediæval Italy ever littered.

As we drive down from the Seraphic City and across the valley, the scenes are all of pastoral peace. Slow, deliberate oxen draw the rude plowshare through the fertile soil and strain patiently at the yoke of the heavily laden cart. Swarthy men trim the vines and prune the orchards, while buxom girls, with skirts tucked up, toss hay in the fields. Cattle are grazing in the meadows, and insects buzz undisturbed among the flowers which border the roadside. It is hard to realize that for centuries death and destruction ruled this valley—until we raise our eyes to

ITALIAN LANES AND HIGHROADS

the menacing shadow of Perugia looming athwart the sky.

Each of the Hill Towns of Italy has a distinct character and a striking individuality of its own. They are not merely collections of stone and mortar; but personalities which live, or at least have lived, separate lives. Perhaps the secret of this diversity is to be found in the fact that central Italy has been a crucible of races. Narni was always Roman; Spoleto for centuries was in the hands of the Teutonic Lombards; Assisi's strange mingling of ferocity and piety must be attributed to its Umbrian blood; and dark, grim, pitiless Perugia never forgot that it was Etruscan.

As we wind upward toward the high-perched town, we perceive that it does not really overhang the valley, as from a distance it appears to do, but that ridge after ridge of green hills lead gradually to its mountain-seat. As the prospect widens, we can look back over the path which we have come; to Assisi nestling beneath the shoulder of Monte Subasio, to Spello and Trevi on their twin peaks, to Foligno in the plain, and beyond these to Spoleto at the farthest end of the valley.

Perugia is a prosperous city, the home of wealth and education and culture. As it formerly excelled its neighbors in feats of arms, so to-day it surpasses them in the more peaceful rivalry of commerce. One afternoon I attended a concert in the Piazza Victor

TWO ETRUSCAN STRONGHOLDS

Emmanuel. It was on a *fiesta*, or holiday. Correctly dressed men and beautifully gowned women sat upon the benches of the park, little lads of eight and ten swung tiny canes in their gloved hands, and little maids in silks and laces walked with their nurses. On the morning of that very day I had watched the simple peasantry of Assisi kneeling reverently among the fragrant branches in the lower Church of St. Francis. In a three hours' drive, I had traveled eight centuries.

But Perugia is not all new and polished. A short walk from the band-stand will take us back, not eight hundred years only, but three thousand. Coming from a new land, where Revolutionary buildings are antique and where nothing antedates the sixteenth century, we find an irresistible fascination in the venerableness of European cities. The novelty soon wears off, however, and we become accustomed to reckoning time by centuries instead of decades. But even to the most blasé traveler there is something in the hoary antiquity of Perugia that touches the imagination. When these walls were erected, the Etruscans ruled the land, the Palatine Hill was still a tangled thicket among the marshes—and we can almost believe that the griffin of Perugia's arms roamed wild through the forests of Italy.

Five gateways and long stretches of the ancient walls have survived since the days of the Etruscans. They are huge pieces of masonry, constructed of

ITALIAN LANES AND HIGHROADS

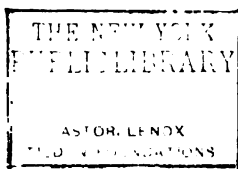
enormous blocks of stone, and they seem staunch enough to last as many centuries longer. The Romans were, indeed, massive builders, but only as compared with later ages. When their work is placed beside that of the earlier race, it seems almost fragile.

The lofty Arco d'Agosto, now near the center of the city, was the finest of the gateways of the old walls. The lower portion is Etruscan. Augustus added to it when he repaired the damage done during his war with Antony, and placed upon the Roman superstructure the inscription which is still legible, "Augusta Perusia." A mediæval *loggia* now surmounts the ancient portal. Against these massive stones successive waves of invaders have hurled their forces—Umbrians, Goths, Huns, Lombards, Germans, and Italians. To-day the peasant drives his mild-eyed oxen unheeding through its shadow, and up the dark, steep Via Vecchia, which has echoed to the tread of three thousand marching years.

It is these same somber byways which give so much of its character of gloom to Perugia. As in other Hill Towns, they are steep and narrow; but there is here none of the green foliage of Spello, the broad views of Trevi, or the brilliant sunlit air of Assisi. The stranger wanders through the cañon-like streets of the ancient Etruscan city, between blackened walls of towering palaces, beneath their jutting upper stories, and oftentimes down through the Cimmerian



One of Perugia's Gloomy Streets



TWO ETRUSCAN STRONGHOLDS

darkness of their dank foundations, until he almost begins to wonder if the dazzling Umbrian sun can still be shining above. It is not strange that from this melancholy environment sprang such wars and treachery and sacrilege, murder and rape and incest, that even crime-besotted mediæval Italy stood aghast.

In one of these narrow, dusky alleys, Astorre Baglioni, unmounted and without even his armor, once withstood, single-handed, the whole army of the Oddi, who were attempting to take the town by surprise; and he held them at bay until his retainers hastily gathered their forces to his relief. These wolves were brave and they could fight. When the Baglioni had finally overcome and slaughtered or banished their rivals, they turned to rend one another. Griffonetto, a mere lad—but in those days even boys were mature in crime—planned to exterminate all his relatives at one stroke, and to seize the sovereignty for himself. Twenty-one of the family fell beneath the kindred daggers of the conspirators, before these were overpowered and forced to flee for their lives.

The fine old Palazzo Pubblico in the center of the town has played but little part in the history of Perugia; for its government was not one of laws but of arms and force. The building is beautiful; but with the grim splendor of a war-scarred, victorious veteran. Perugia is as distinctively and strikingly masculine as Venice is essentially feminine; and the adornments of its Town Hall are in keeping with this

ITALIAN LANES AND HIGHROADS

character. Over the portal, festooned between the bronze griffin of the city's arms and the Guelph lion, hang the chains which were captured in war from Siena. Above the Gothic tracery of the palace windows runs a crenelated parapet of martial aspect; and still higher rises the tower, with the great bell which called the citizens to arms.

For centuries the Baglioni held in subjection the townspeople, the neighboring cities, and at times even distant communes. But at length, weakened by their vices and crippled by their own treachery, they were overpowered by Pope Paul III., and their long misrule was brought to a close. Their palace was razed to the ground in 1540. Upon its blackened ruins the pontiff erected a huge fortress and wrote above its doorway: "To coërcé the Perugians." Three hundred years later, these same Perugians rose in their might, opened their gates to the army of United Italy, and tore down the pope's fortress with its insulting inscription, so that not one stone was left upon another.

To-day upon the spot where Etruscan and Roman, Baglioni and the popes, had their successive strongholds, there is a new municipal building and a shady park. Here nurse-maids wheel their charges and loitering tourists look down from the lofty terrace over the foothills which buttress Perugia's high citadel, to the beguiling beauty of the wide-spreading Umbrian valley.

TWO ETRUSCAN STRONGHOLDS

On the farther side of the western mountains, fifty miles away, stands another Etruscan stronghold, whose history has been as serene and placid as that of Perugia was dark and checkered. It may be that Orvieto owed its uneventful past to its natural situation. In the early ages of the earth, there was a volcano here. The tall chimney of the smoking mountain filled with molten lava, which cooled into rock. Then, in the course of time, the softer sides of the mountain were worn and washed away, until the hardened core stood naked above the plain, a casting of living rock with the mould removed. Upon this lofty eminence beside the vagrant river, the Etruscans dwelt secure until the Romans, who denied the existence of impossibilities, scaled the perpendicular walls of the crag and destroyed the town. Since that day, no hostile general has ever had a Roman legion at his back, and so no enemy has ever entered the gates of Orvieto.

As we leave the train at the station, the sheer rock rises directly above us like one of the buttes of our own West. There is a winding road to the top, two and a half miles in length, but this has been made obsolete by the construction of a funicular railway. The traveler to-day ascends to Orvieto in the same manner that he climbs the lower peaks of the Alps.

It is a very sleepy place. Even during the stormy Middle Ages, the town was secure in its impregnable situation and content with the rule of its papal mas-

ters. There are here no memories of a wild, uncurbed youth. Orvieto seems always to have been an obedient child.

One thing, however, will prevent the quiet Umbrian town from ever being totally neglected or forgotten. It chanced that Pope Urban IV. was at Orvieto in the year 1268 when the news was brought to him of a miracle which had just occurred at Bolsena, the bleeding of the Host in the hands of a doubting priest. The pontiff at once ordained that a magnificent church should be built here in Orvieto to commemorate the wondrous sign from heaven and to enshrine the relic. So, under the magic touch of Arnolfo di Cambio, Giovanni Pisano, Luca Signorelli, Fra Angelico and a host of others, there sprang into being one of the most wonderfully beautiful masterpieces of mediæval architecture.

The sides and rear of the cathedral are extremely plain; and, except for the frescoes in the chapels, the interior is bare and unattractive. But across the front the builders have erected a huge work of art, attached to the church to be sure, but not structurally a part of it. Upon this frontispiece, as it were, has been lavished the skill of the architects and painters and sculptors, until it resembles an illuminated page of some gigantic mediæval tome. The vast façade is fairly covered with mosaics, millions upon millions of tiny pieces of brilliantly colored stone and glass, forming pictures in the gables and angles over

TWO ETRUSCAN STRONGHOLDS

the doorways, winding in intricate and varied spiral designs about the fluted pillars, surrounding the rose-window, and running up the clustered columns even to the highest pinnacle. There is scarcely the space of a hand's breadth upon the whole great façade that is not covered with these resplendent, many-colored mosaics, which glint and glitter under the touch of the Italian sun like the concentrated quintessence of some gigantic rainbow.

There are to-day no remains of either Etruscan or Roman times within the city, except in the museum. Compared with the other Hill Towns, Orvieto is characterless. The comfortable, level streets hardly even suggest the Middle Ages. This absence of picturesqueness is the price which the town has paid for its secure and tranquil career.

There was a castle once, a precaution against internal revolutions which never really threatened the rule of the popes; but it has been demolished and its site, overhanging the very edge of the lofty precipice, is now a public park. If Orvieto could not be taken by assault, its inhabitants could be made exceedingly uncomfortable by a siege, particularly in view of the fact that there was no natural water-supply upon its high, rocky plateau. To remedy this weak point in its defensive armor, the mediæval Orvietans dug a well, and necessarily a deep and wide one. The damp walls are now overgrown with moss, and the green pool at the bottom is stagnant; for the

ITALIAN LANES AND HIGHROADS

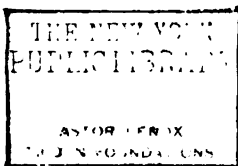
town is no longer dependent upon its Well of St. Patrick for its water-supply. But this still remains a marvel for future generations. No buckets were ever used to draw the precious fluid. Two interwoven, spiral inclined planes, one above the other and meeting only at the bottom two hundred feet below the surface, wind around the walls. Down one of these and up the other climbed donkeys laden with casks, the patient water-carriers of the Middle Ages.

Before the Romans conquered Orvieto, it was for centuries a populous town, and as generation after generation of its inhabitants died, they were buried—for the Etruscans did not burn their dead. Their place of sepulture was, however, unknown until late in the nineteenth century. It happened in the year 1874 that a cow, grazing over the slopes below the walls, earned undying fame by falling into what proved to be an Etruscan tomb. Investigation and excavations followed, with the result that hundreds of these ancient burial-places have now been uncovered, and rich additions made to our knowledge of this silent people.

The Etruscan necropolis at Orvieto is very regular in its arrangement. The straight streets cross one another at right angles, and the somber houses of the dead, grouped back to back in blocks of ten, are of exactly the same size and design. These tombs are simple in construction, built of huge blocks of stone held in place solely by their own weight. In-



Etruscan Tombs at Orvieto



TWO ETRUSCAN STRONGHOLDS

side, upon a couch-like platform, were laid the bodies, always just two in a sepulcher, surrounded by vases and utensils and trinkets in the primitive fashion. The ancient tombs are empty now. The dust and bones of the occupants have been impiously scattered, and the valuables borne away to museums.

These Etruscans seem to us a dark, gloomy, silent people—silent, perhaps, because the inscriptions, which might tell so much about them, are still indecipherable. They honored strange gods, built with a cyclopean grandeur, and laid their loved ones reverently to rest in these solid tombs, where they might have remained undisturbed until doomsday, had it not been for that clumsy cow.

X

THE TOWERS OF TUSCANY

PERCHED aloft upon her triple peak above the green, rolling hills of southern Tuscany, Siena is as feminine as Perugia is masculine, and as contradictory as she is feminine. The beautiful little baggage is a very bundle of inconsistencies. The city of gentleness and courtesy and the home of a school of art unrivaled for its delicacy, "Soft Siena," as she has been known for centuries, displayed in war an invincible courage, and once inflicted upon her rival, Florence, the most disastrous and overwhelming defeat in Italian history. Mediæval the town is to-day in the aspect of her steep, narrow streets and ancient churches and magnificent, battle-mented palaces; but the inhabitants are wide-awake, aggressive, modern. Perhaps there is a hidden symbolism in the strange battle-flag of old Siena, half white and half black.

By reason of this elusive complexity of her nature, Siena is, more than any other city, a touchstone to test one's real appreciation of mediæval art and history and culture. The superficial traveler finds little of interest here and hurries on; but to the true lover of the past she unfolds such manifold charms and

THE TOWERS OF TUSCANY

weaves such a spell of fascination that, in the minds of many, Siena rather than Florence is the real queen of Tuscan cities.

The southern approach is through one of the most desolate regions of Europe, a barren land of low clay-hills, so sterile that they do not support even a single blade of grass. The slopes are seamed and furrowed deep by water-courses. Not a dwelling is to be seen. It is from this depressing landscape that we enter suddenly the *contado* of Siena, a land of vine and fig and olive, of shady woods and green-clad hills, sloping upward toward the walls of the close-built town.

The peak, upon which sits Siena, spreads out like a trefoil or a three-armed starfish. The narrow ridges are built upon to the very edge; so the city cannot expand its limits without falling off its lofty perch. It is for this reason that we do not find here the broad, tree-lined avenues and open squares which add so much to the beauty of the modern quarters of Rome and Florence. In spite of increasing prosperity and wealth, Siena must remain old or cease to be Siena. So through the winding thoroughfares and in the frowning palaces of the fourteenth century throbs and beats the restless life of the twentieth.

Even in the most crowded Italian town, however, there must be at least one *piazza*, corresponding in location, if not wholly in purpose, to the common of

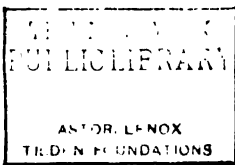
ITALIAN LANES AND HIGHROADS

a New England village. From the winding, busy *Via di Città*, wide stairways lead beneath the buildings on the left-hand side down into one of the oddest of the mediæval squares of Europe, the *Piazza Victor Emmanuel*. The *Campo*, as this is popularly known, bears a striking resemblance to a huge clam-shell. From the semi-circular rim, the rough pavement slopes down toward the center of the southern side, where rises the ancient *Palazzo Pubblico*. The whole *piazza* is curved—its outline, its surface, even the façade of the palace.

This square, with its sharp angles where the ends of the arc meet the chord, would seem to be an impossible place to run a horse race; but in the eyes of the Sienese that is its chief purpose. During the Middle Ages, the cities of Italy were frequently torn by internal struggles between their districts or, as we should say, wards. So intensely localized was mediæval patriotism that a city was too large a unit to be loyal to. Sometimes this rivalry took the form of sports; sometimes, as at Rome, it degenerated into fierce and bloody battles. The modern spirit and changed conditions have now done away at the same time with the political divisions and their rivalry—excepting only at Siena. Here the Goose and the Tortoise and the Giraffe—so some of the seventeen *contrade* are named—still work themselves into a frenzy twice a year, when the *palio* is run. This ancient contest is half race, half religious festival,



Siena—The Palazzo Pubblico and the Mangia Tower



THE TOWERS OF TUSCANY

and all a mediæval pageant. The horses are selected by the officials and assigned to the respective districts by lot. Before the contest, each animal is led into the parish church of its *contrada* and right up to the steps of the altar, where it is blessed by the priest. The prize to the victorious district is an embroidered banner, the *palio* from which the race takes its name.

Along the lower side of the *piazza*, where the racers have the only straight stretch of the course, rises the seat of government of the ancient Republic of Siena, the Palazzo Pubblico. It is a magnificent pile, like all the town-halls of central Italy, compact of dignity and beauty. Above it, far into the scintillating blue of the Tuscan sky, soars the lofty, slender Mangia Tower. Whether seen from the cañons of the narrow streets about the *piazza*, or from the farthest parts of the town, or from a distance across miles of green hills, the Mangia lifts aloft its marble crown, the graceful and imperishable flower of the beauty of Siena.

At the upper part of the town, where the clustered roofs rise highest, the brown tiles give way to gleaming marble. Here, upon the apex of their mountain top, the Sieneese, throughout their long history always a deeply religious people, have placed their cathedral. For its adornment they expended their resources unstintedly, and all but made it the greatest church of Christendom. During the fourteenth cen-

tury Siena planned to erect a stupendous nave, using the present building as the transept of the larger cathedral; but the disastrous plague of the year 1348 carried off sixty thousand of the inhabitants, and the impoverished town was never afterward able to carry out its ambitious design. Huge fragments of the unfinished wall of the projected nave still tower above the *piazza*, a monument to their good intentions.

The cathedrals of Siena and Orvieto are in the same Tuscan Gothic style, and resemble each other closely in their general appearance; but the exterior of the latter is far the finer. The Sienese church is beautiful in its coloring, with white, red and black marbles and mosaics of many hues; but it is too overloaded with petty carving, and the whole façade looks tiny and ornate, like an elaborate French wedding-cake.

The stranger entering Siena's cathedral exclaims at once, "How ugly!"—which means, "How unusual!" The whole edifice, walls and columns, nave and aisles and transepts, is striped in black and white stone. The effect produced is odd, bizarre, and at first unpleasing. The rows of striped columns give one the impression of being among the legs of some weird, prehistoric, black-and-white centipede tiger. This sounds strange—it looks so! But when the novelty has worn off, and one is able to dissociate the church from the idea of prison garb, the wonderful old cathedral with its treasures of art

THE TOWERS OF TUSCANY

fixes itself in the mind as among the most beautiful of Italian memories.

Leaning against the columns, just beneath the dome, are two long, rough poles. These apparently useless old sticks seem strangely out of place among such surroundings, but the Sieneese would not part with them for many times their weight in gold. They recall those dark days of the thirteenth century when the hostile Florentines marched in battle array against the city. Outnumbered three to one, the Sieneese sought divine aid; and here, before the high altar of their cathedral, they surrendered the keys of their loved city to the Virgin and chose her to be their ruler. Then on the morrow they sallied forth, confident in the strength of their cause, and inflicted upon the enemy such a defeat that the slain and captured Florentines exceeded in numbers the whole army of Siena. The greatest trophy of this battle of Montaperti was the *carroccio*, or standard-car of Florence, which for centuries afterward was borne in every Sieneese procession, until it fell to pieces from too much use. Now only these two masts remain, memorials of the greatest day in all the long history of Siena.

Far below the cathedral, in a narrow valley at the lowest point of the town, is the sacred shrine of St. Catherine. This is in the tanners' district, and the steep street still reeks with the odors of the trade, even as it did in the year 1347, when a baby girl

ITALIAN LANES AND HIGHROADS

was born here who was destined to bring great glory and renown to the city. Even in the pious atmosphere of Siena, Catherine's religious development was amazing. At the age of six, she saw visions; at eight, she took the veil. Endowed with a winning charm and a tremendous force of character, this simple, unlettered tanner's daughter wielded an enormous influence over the potentates of Europe. She became the adviser of kings and emperors, and at last even brought back the papal court from its exile at Avignon.

The House of St. Catherine, in the District of the Goose, is still surrounded by the dwellings of the very poor, and the street before it is full of dirty, noisy tanners' children. But the boys and girls will gladly leave their play to show the stranger the way to Santa Caterina. Their love for her is a part of their intense local patriotism. Was she not once one of them, an *Ocaiola*—a girl of the Goose?

The home of the saint is to-day a consecrated labyrinth of chapels. The shop, the storehouse, the kitchen, the sitting-room, the bedroom of Catherine herself—each is a tiny chapel. Upon the walls are frescoes portraying the events of her life and her miracles; how she defied her parents to devote herself to the church, how she preached before the pope at Avignon, how she was joined in mystical marriage to Christ, and how at last she received upon her own body the *stigmata*, the wounds of His passion,

THE TOWERS OF TUSCANY

The traveler always leaves Siena with regret. But leave he must; and as the high-built city fades into the mists of the distance, the last view and the last memory are of the two tall towers soaring above the jagged pyramid of roofs, the graceful Mangia and the black-and-white belfry of the cathedral—symbolizing Siena's two great passions, beauty and religion.

— Out-of-doors in Italy is everywhere beautiful. As we drive toward San Gimignano, we view a landscape which is very simple in its composition—just fields and orchards against a background of low wooded hills. Its elements can be matched anywhere in Europe. There is an absence of the passionate coloring of the south and of the rugged grandeur of Umbria; but in the softness of the air, in the brilliancy of the foliage, and in the depth of the blue sky, there is a restful beauty and a sense of peace; and outlined on the high horizon before us are the slender towers of the remote town which preserves so well the aspect of the Middle Ages.

As we climbed the heights, the fields and olive groves climbed with us, even to the gateway of the crumbling wall. But there they stopped. We entered the ancient portal alone, and found ourselves at once in a close-built, winding street of venerable aspect. Over the huge stone blocks of the pavement rolled clumsy carts, drawn at a snail's pace by de-

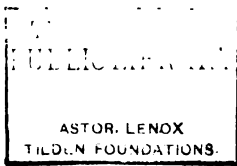
ITALIAN LANES AND HIGHROADS

liberate white oxen. Through the low doorways of the old houses we could see into the dark interiors of wine-shops, vegetable-shops, smithies and cafés. But they were almost all deserted. The people were in the streets. The wine-seller had tilted his chair back against the lintel of his door and was smoking comfortably as he waited for trade. Near by, the buxom keeper of the vegetable store sat in the street and knitted. Outside the café, a couple of tables accommodated the few patrons who sipped their Chianti and chatted with one another and with their neighbors up and down the street. No one seemed in a hurry. No one apparently had anything to do but sit around and talk. San Gimignano is the most restful place in Italy.

The narrow alleyways behind the cathedral lead to the highest point of the town, where stands the castle. The path thither winds among gnarled olive trees and into a barnyard. About the once proud portal, chickens and ducks were contentedly feeding when we rapped at the modern wooden gate. An old woman looked out of an upper window and called to us to wait a moment. Soon a child drew back the bar and admitted us within the walls of the Rocca. The fortress is now a ruin: only the outer ramparts are standing, and the fragment of the keep which has been turned into a farmhouse. The whole area inside the walls has become a tangled orchard. At the farther corner, a broken stairway leads to a vine-



By-ways in San Gimignano



THE TOWERS OF TUSCANY

mantled turret which commands an extensive view of the town and its characteristic towers. Beyond the castle walls they rise, thirteen grim, perpendicular fortresses.

During the Middle Ages, most of the cities of Italy were adorned—or disfigured—by similar huge, windowless towers, but San Gimignano was famed above them all for the number and size of these strongholds. It came to be known as the “Town of the Fair Towers.” In the rare intervals when the city was at peace with its neighbors, the nobles were fighting among themselves, petty feuds perhaps, but none the less bitter and bloody; for San Gimignano had within its walls the same distinction of Guelph and Ghibeline that divided all Italy into two hostile camps. When a noble family was worsted in one of these civil wars, they retired to the upper stories of their tower, drew the ladders up after them, and were safe from their enemies as long as food and water held out. The dark, windowless rooms must have been uncomfortable dwelling-places, but the men of the Middle Ages were hardy, and they passed the time enjoyably by dropping stones and boiling oil upon the heads of their besiegers.

In the old days, when San Gimignano boasted sixty *belle torri*, the town must have looked like some huge, prehistoric porcupine. Now there are but thirteen left, the crumbling memorials of a turbulent past. I sat for some time beneath the archway of the Palace

ITALIAN LANES AND HIGHROADS

of the Commune, studying these at close range. They are usually built of great blocks of stone, rarely of brick, and they make no pretence to architectural beauty. They are all deserted now and useless, weeds grow in their crevices, and in the empty upper stories birds make their nests—thousands of them, entering by the casual holes where stones have fallen from the walls. In the late afternoon they circle about and fill the air with their cries, and squabble and quarrel as if they were indeed the ghosts of the Salvucci and Ardinghelli of old, Guelph and Ghibelline trying with their miniature wars to settle the fate of nations.

Since the old days, the town has shrunk like a dried nut in its shell. The massive walls, with their huge circular bastions at the angles, still enclose San Gimignano on all sides; but their parapets are crumbling, and offer less and less resistance to the besiegers of to-day. For the town seems to be invested by green phalanxes from the orchards and vineyards and fields which crowd so close up to the ramparts on all sides. In some places the assailants have been victorious, and hardy weeds now flaunt their foliage and gaudy flowers on the battlements where once floated the banner of the White Lion, while on the waste spots within the walls olive trees stand in serried ranks beneath the gray towers.

San Gimignano is passing. Some old Italian towns are being made over, new and ugly, by the march of

THE TOWERS OF TUSCANY

progress. Some feel, within their unaltered outward aspect of antiquity, the pulsing flow of a fresh and youthful life. Some, by the favor of the gods, are unchanging and immortal. But San Gimignano is none of these. Slowly but surely, stone by stone, the City of the Fair Towers is dying of old age.

XI

FAIR FLORENCE

FOR centuries Florence has had one distinct advantage over the rest of the "Hundred Cities of Italy," in that she has been blessed with a long and distinguished line of press-agents. From Machiavelli, Dante and Vasari to Mrs. Browning and Mr. Baedeker, they have been insistently telling a credulous world that in the City of Flowers is to be found all that is best in the history and art and life of Italy. And long ago they convinced the world that this is true. So the traveler comes to Florence knowing what he should see and should think, and there is a strong temptation to see and think accordingly.

More than any other Italian city, Florence has the faculty of presenting different aspects of her varied interests to different people. To one, she is the scene of a thrilling drama of mediæval wars and political struggles; to another, she is the cradle of the Renaissance; to another, the home of art; to still another, perhaps, the shopping center of southern Europe. To me, Florence has always been a museum. I will concede that in this respect she is preëminent. Not

[156]

FAIR FLORENCE

only does the city contain an unsurpassed wealth of artistic and historical collections, including two of the three greatest picture galleries in the world; but it is itself a vast museum, crowded full of exhibits set up on the street corners, in the public squares and down many a dark and narrow alley.

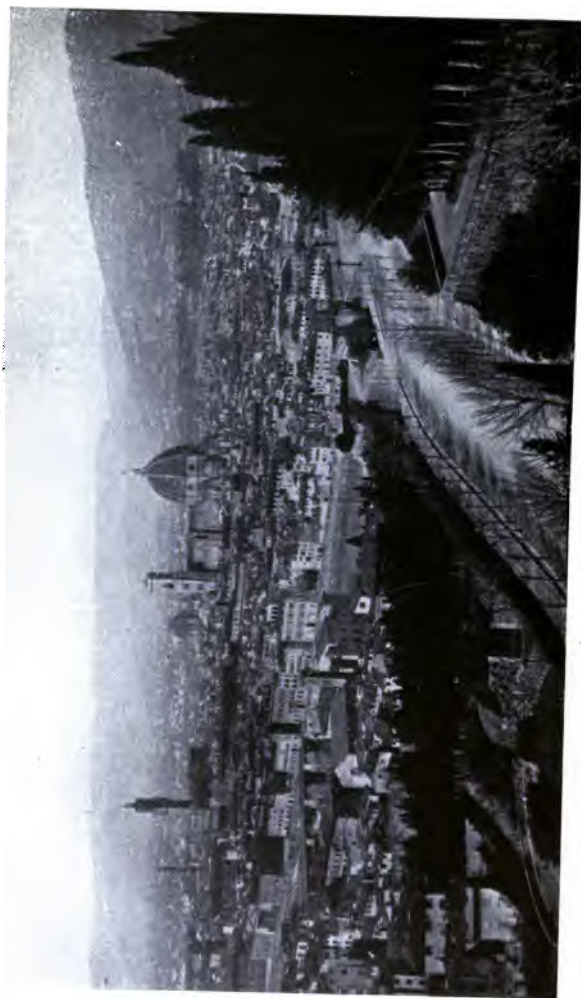
Florence lies in a cup-like hollow encircled with verdure-clad hills. To see the city as a whole, it is necessary to climb one of the surrounding heights, preferably Fiesole, the old and faded mother of the famous metropolis in the valley below. For Florence is young, as Italian towns count age, having been founded in the time of the early Empire, while Fiesole traces its origin back to the primitive Etruscans. Even to-day it shows more ancient ruins than its offspring—but little else; a few faded frescoes in faded churches, and faded old women in the *piazza*, selling straw baskets to the tourists.

It is better to pass them by, and go out to the arbor behind the little restaurant for a plain Italian supper, with a *fiasco* of real Chianti to wash it down. Let us select a table at the far edge of the terrace, where there is an unobstructed view. As soon as Giovanni has taken the order, we can turn our attention to more important things. Far below us spreads out the vale of the Arno, brilliant green in the foreground, deep green where the frequent cypresses rear their dark spikes, blue and purple where the distant mountains close the view. Across the plain the wind-

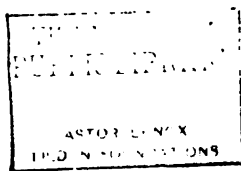
ITALIAN LANES AND HIGHROADS

ing river draws its silver course. Countless gleaming white villas, half hidden among the luxuriant foliage, dot the nearer slopes, or seek a point of vantage on each jutting eminence. In the valley they cluster thicker and crowd closer together, and then give way to the taller, darker houses of the city. Broken only here and there by the grateful greenery of the parks, the red roofs of Florence stretch their monotonous flatness on all sides about the center and focus of the picture, the strangely beautiful, strangely-mated twins, Brunelleschi's Dome and Giotto's Tower.

The Cathedral of Florence, Santa Maria del Fiore, or St. Mary of the Flower, is one of the largest churches in the world, and was planned to be one of the most imposing. Yet in the minds of most men it is just a dome and a campanile. The edifice is of such vast extent that, when the walls and roof had been built, no one seemed to be able to overcome the engineering difficulties in the construction of the projected dome. So the work stopped. Architects from all over the known world were brought together at great expense, but they acknowledged themselves baffled. Only one man dared attempt the task, and Brunelleschi's plan to build the enormous structure without the support of a false framework was so simple that he was looked upon as a madman. On one occasion the syndics openly proclaimed him insane; and when he would not be suppressed, they had



Across the Roofs of Florence



him forcibly thrown out from their august presence. But in the end they adopted his plan, appointed him to supervise the work, and finally saw the impossible accomplished and the dome completed, as vast as its later replica on St. Peter's at Rome. The artist now has his reward. The names of the scoffing syndics are forgotten, and the poor architect's dream-come-true is known for all time as "Brunelleschi's Dome."

I presume that the philosophers explain how the Greeks and the Tuscans, each living in a limpid atmosphere which heightened all the color tones, were alike averse to marring the harmony of nature with monochromes in the works of man. So the Greeks painted their statues and temples in brilliant blues and reds, and the Tuscans overlaid their churches with pink and white and green marbles. After seeing Greece, I am converted to tinted temples. But the Florentines did not have the skill and taste to match their theories, and they have made the exterior of Santa Maria del Fiore look like a magnificent piece of frosted gingerbread.

The cathedral group, as so often in Italy, consists of three detached structures; the *duomo* itself, the baptistry, and the bell tower. These stand in an open *piazza* in the center of the city, where modern Florentine life flows and surges unheeding about their bases. Directly before the doors of the great variegated church is the small octagonal Baptistry of St. John, in the old days itself the cathedral, but

ITALIAN LANES AND HIGHROADS

now relegated to a subordinate position. By a peculiar custom, it contains the only font in the city, and every child of Florence is baptized here.

Let us dodge the trams and cabs and still more dangerous post card venders, who haunt the doorways of the churches in their never-ending hunt for victims, and cross the busy square to the far corner. Here we can get the best view of the third member of this architectural trilogy, a pure flower of beauty springing out of the sterile pavement of the *piazza*—the campanile. Like the near-by cathedral, it is encased in colored marbles; but between the two lies the wide chasm which separates genius from mediocrity. We have already seen this tall, graceful bell-tower from Fiesole, and shall glimpse it again from a hundred different points throughout the city. And as its beauty unfolds before our eyes, and we come to feel for it a personal affection, we, too, shall call it by its best-loved name, "Giotto's Tower."

By this time the ladies are beginning to inquire querulously for the "shops"—they are never "stores" in Europe—and that is the end of romance. They have heard the siren call, and now nothing but a case of dangerous illness will turn their thoughts again to serious things. The shops of Florence have an insidious and irresistible attraction which is destructive of all intellectual pursuits. Once let a woman cross the Ponte Vecchio on foot, and she becomes oblivious to history and art.

FAIR FLORENCE

This Ponte Vecchio is at once an institution and a disease. Incidentally it is a bridge — the “Old Bridge,” as its name signifies. Its appearance befits its title. For it was constructed in the fourteenth century, and it looks to-day just like the London Bridge of our childhood’s fancy. On both sides it is lined for nearly its whole length with tiny houses which jut out over the water and seem to hang on, as it were, by their eyelids. I call these houses tiny, and they are; for although some of them are four stories high, the ceilings are low and the width of the buildings often but five or six feet.

The Ponte Vecchio itself is narrow, barely wide enough for two carriages to pass. But it is one of the principal thoroughfares of Florence, and it is always crowded. Because of the high arch of the bridge, heavily loaded vehicles have difficulty in ascending it, or would have without the aid of the traffic policeman on the Lung’ Arno Acciaiuoli. He is the chief figure in the interesting game which is played here a hundred times a day. A huge lumbering cart, drawn by a couple of diminutive donkeys, appears in the distance up the Via Por Santa Maria. It stops a block away, and the driver and his assistant and his various understudies shout to the police officer. That dignitary waves his hands in the air and shouts and gesticulates, until he has finally held up traffic approaching from all directions. He then gives the signal, and the driver and his assistants, and some-

ITALIAN LANES AND HIGHROADS

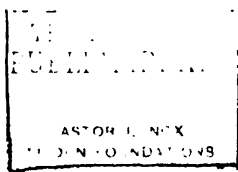
times the bystanders, belabor the donkeys and shout. The animals start on a run, and before they reach the bridge often attain the terrific speed of five miles an hour. Amid a creaking of wheels, a jingling of harness and a crescendo of vocal encouragement, they hit the incline, and a hush falls on the multitude as they wait breathless to see if the failing speed of the vehicle is going to be sufficient to carry it over the crest. Yes, it just makes it! Then the cross street is again opened up for traffic, and the crowd disperses. But another is sure to gather when the next cart arrives.

We notice all this while approaching the bridge. Once on it, we have no eyes or ears for donkeys. For every one of these tiny houses is a tiny shop. If it is only five feet wide, four feet are taken up with a show-window. And each shop is overflowing with the wealth of Cathay and the riches of Inde. There is no exception. Every house on the Ponte Vecchio sells jewelry—coral, turquoises, opals, amethysts, rings, chains, brooches, pins, cameos. Crossing the bridge is like walking through Ali Baba's cave.

Above the heads of the noisy crowd, busy with buying and selling, haggling and bargaining, runs the quiet covered passageway which connects the Uffizzi Gallery on this side of the Arno with its sister the Pitti on the farther side. It is a cool walk through the long, almost windowless tunnel, and it is perfectly safe. The traveler can here escape the



Florence—The Ponte Vecchio



dementia superinduced in the warm weather by the jewelry shops below.

Florence is full of places to buy jewelry. They are met with at every turn, and many of them are exceedingly attractive, but there is one which interested me particularly. We had the address and directions for finding it, of course. Somehow no one seems to go to Florence without these. Borgo San Jacopo, the first street to the right, was the greatest possible contrast to the glint and glitter of the Ponte Vecchio. It was very narrow, shut in between high, gloomy buildings whose dark lower windows were barred. The alley was not clean, the neighborhood was unprepossessing, there were no show-windows to be seen. We thought that we had made a mistake. But no; there on number six was the name, "Fratelli Coppini." So we opened the door—and stepped right into babel let loose. The whole place was full of women, all talking at once, and all furiously buying jewelry.

The great room was lined with cabinets containing trays of assorted varieties of stones and trinkets and more elaborate pieces. In one corner was a miniature factory, where at tiny flaming furnaces half a dozen men were busy making more. There were counters, but most of the purchasers were behind them and the few salesmen were in front. It was much easier to find what you wanted than it was to get some one who would take the money for it. When I asked

ITALIAN LANES AND HIGHROADS

to see some stick-pins, I was brought several hundred; and I sat for some time on a window-sill making my selection, ignored by every one and particularly by the man who was selling me the pins. I could have filled my pockets with them and no one been the wiser. One woman sat by herself running her hands through a huge trayful of unset turquoises, as though it had been some new kind of complexion bath. And all the while there was a shrill, unceasing uproar in French, German, English, American and Italian, every one shouting at the top of her voice to make herself heard. If the Mad Hatter and the March Hare ever kept a jewelry shop, I imagine that it would be just like this one. And yet these two brothers, in an obscure corner of Florence, with little advertising and no display, are doing as much business as the whole Ponte Vecchio put together.

After the travelers in Florence have had their fill of shopping—or have exhausted their pocketbooks—they desire to acquire some of the atmosphere and spirit of the past. There is no better place for this than the Monastery of San Marco. In common with all the other monastic institutions of Italy, this was suppressed at the time of the Union of 1860, and the buildings have been taken over by the State as a National Monument. So to-day uniformed officials take the place of the white-robed brothers of old, the shady cloisters echo to the footfalls of tourists, the

refectory is a picture gallery, and the cells of the monks are shown for a fee. Thus has the grandeur of Florence paled.

But the noble great ones gone have left, if not their spirit, at least their memorials. John of Fiesole, known to affectionate remembrance as *Beato Angelico*, the "Blessed Angelic One," breathed here his fervent orisons, which took on form and color as he prayed, and now we call them frescoes. Each tiny cell, bare, whitewashed, prison-like, is illumined with one of these glowing pictures from his brush. To him, the practice of his art was so much an act of devotion that he refused to debase it to a trade by accepting money for his work. As we study these frescoes in San Marco, painted not for the admiration of the world, but each to aid a humble friar in his private devotions, we come to understand the fragrance of the life and art of Fra Angelico.

It was at this monastery that one of the greatest preachers of history delivered his first sermon to the Florentines. Diminutive of stature, unpleasing of countenance and harsh of voice, young Savonarola spoke to an unappreciative audience who pronounced him a flat failure. So he was sent back to Bologna in disgrace. But seven years later we find him again at Florence, prior of this same San Marco, the idolized exhorter of the people, the leading spirit of the revolt against the oppressive tyranny of the Medici, and the guiding hand in that Utopian theocracy which

ITALIAN LANES AND HIGHROADS

for a brief period ruled the State of Florence. In the rooms which he once occupied there are now many memorials of the great reformer. His private chapel contains frescoes by another painter-monk, Fra Bartolommeo, one of the bosom friends of Raphael. In the inner chamber are the chair of Savonarola, his crucifix and—pathetic reminder of his failure—pieces of the charred wood saved from the fire in which he was burned through the combined antagonism of the Medici and the pope.

It was in the Piazza della Signoria, the center of the stormy political history of Florence, that the great Dominican friar paid the penalty for his daring. This is one of the least attractive of the public squares of Italy. Irregular in shape, surrounded for the most part by insignificant buildings and adorned with some of the most atrocious works of "art" in the country, it is yet of interest as the old center of the civic life of the Republic. Just where the monstrous fountain now sends out its ridiculously small trickle of water, stood the stake at which Savonarola perished. Behind it rises the noble Palazzo Vecchio, the "Old Palace," in ancient times both the seat of the government of Florence and the prison of her enemies. It is a beautiful building, but simple and somber in its lines, more fitting for the fortress of a warrior race than for the Capitol of a pleasure-seeking, art-loving people.

Opposite the door of the palace is the Loggia dei

Lanzi, bold, striking, Italian. The structure is simply an immense open portico, unconnected with any other building. The Italians put up a *loggia* on the slightest provocation. If they find no provocation, they build the portico anyhow, and determine a use for it afterward. At first, the Florentines used their Loggia dei Lanzi as a place from which to publish the decrees of State. Later on, Cosimo I., dubbed "Father of His Country" by the people he had enslaved, sheltered here his mercenary body-guard. To-day the Loggia, like the city, has become a museum. Here are exposed to view and to the winds of heaven several priceless pieces of sculpture, together with half a score of mediocre works. Here also, on a hot summer's afternoon, you may see any number of the ragged leisure class of Florence, scattered among the pedestals of the statues or stretched out on the stone benches below, taking their siesta.

In the vicinity of the Piazza della Signoria lies all that remains of the old city, the dark, winding streets and narrow alleyways which were so common in mediæval Italy. There are but few of these left in Florence, and their number is dwindling. Two decades ago the worst quarter was cleaned up—in the only way in which an Italian slum can be renovated—by destroying every building down to the very foundations. The streets were widened, and the present attractive square, Piazza Victor Emmanuel, laid out and surrounded with fine modern buildings.

ITALIAN LANES AND HIGHROADS

So the ancient *Centro*, the site of the forum of Roman days, has become again one of the principal centers of business and pleasure.

Florence has increased greatly in size during the past fifty years, partly because of its selection as the capital of United Italy before the capture of Rome in 1870, and partly by reason of the increasing prosperity which the city now shares with the rest of the country. The newer quarters are laid out on generous lines, with beautiful, wide, tree-bordered avenues and with extensive park-like boulevards along the line of the former walls. So Florence is now one of the most livable cities of Italy. But for the casual stranger, the interest still centers around the narrow, homely streets which were familiar to Dante, Giotto, Michael Angelo, Cellini and the host of other famous Florentines, in the quarters near the Ponte Vecchio on both sides Arno.

Arno—we soon become accustomed to speak of it thus as though it were a sentient being—Arno puts on a brave face in time of drought, and tries its best to look the part of a real river. The dam below the Ponte alla Carraia holds back the waters during the dry season, so that they spread from embankment to embankment. But below the weir there is only a tiny rivulet winding its circuitous way among the sand banks. Here, in summer, the Florentines gather the strangest crop taken from any river. Carts are driven out into the shallow water, and bare-legged,

bare-armed men wade about all day long collecting stone for buildings and paving. At the edge of the stream, washer-women lean over their scrubbing-boards, or spread the clothes on the sunny, pebbly shore. In the deeper pools the naked boys dive and swim and splash, just as boys do everywhere.

There is a magic about the very name of Arno. At times it is hardly more than a brook; but it is, nevertheless, one of the great rivers of the world. If it has not carried mighty navies or borne the commerce of the nations to Florence, it has mirrored some of the big events of history, and no doubt it once reflected the fair face of Beatrice, glancing in an idle moment over the stone parapet of the Lung' Arno.

XII

PISA, GENOA AND BOLOGNA

FLORENCE has appropriated to itself the Arno, so that the names of the city and the river are always associated in the minds of men. Florence gave Arno fame, but Arno gave Pisa wealth. By the time it reaches the latter city, only six miles from the sea, it has become a full-grown river, disdaining the romance and poetry of its youth and devoting itself to the practical and profitable pursuits of commerce. It was its situation on the Arno which enabled Pisa to become one of the great maritime republics of mediæval Italy, to dispatch its merchant fleets to the ends of the known earth in search of trade, and to maintain a navy capable of coping on equal terms with any state of Europe.

There is to-day, however, none of the ancient war-like spirit in Pisa. It is a very quiet place, with clean, broad streets and a comfortable air of tranquillity. The people are courteous and industrious, and go about their business just as well-behaved folk do everywhere. In fact, the town itself is too modern and respectable to hold much interest for the trav-

PISA, GENOA AND BOLOGNA

eler. But in a far corner, just within the line of the old walls, there is a bewitching vision of loveliness, the like of which cannot be found elsewhere in the peninsula.

The cathedrals of Italy are almost invariably built in the midst of the cities, facing the busy, stone-paved squares where move the hurrying crowds and noisy traffic. Such are the cathedrals of Florence, Rome, Venice, Milan, Siena, Perugia and Genoa. The traveler is, therefore, both astonished and delighted to emerge from the end of one of Pisa's long streets upon the open, grassy square from whose green turf rise the three fair members of the cathedral group. We feel something of the charm of an English close about the place; something reminiscent of Salisbury or Peterborough. But the resemblance is only momentary. The white marble of these buildings, the Romanesque architecture, and the absence of surrounding trees, soon dissipate the fancied likeness and bring us back to Tuscany.

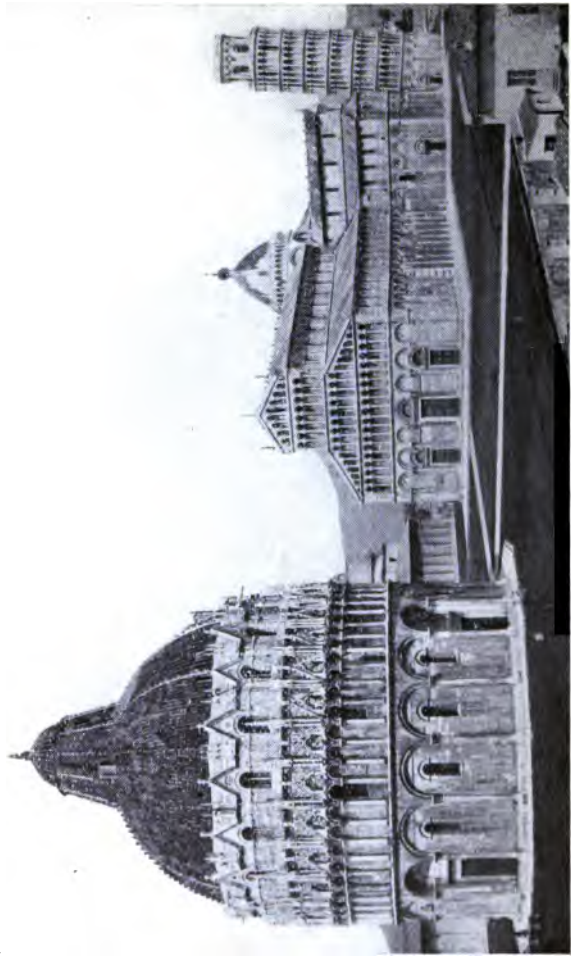
The typical Italian cathedral consists of the church, the baptistry and the bell-tower; often, as here, three detached structures. At Pisa, there is a fourth member of the group, the *Campo Santo* or Holy Field. This cemetery is in the form of a large, rectangular cloister. The earth in the center, where the tall cypress trees grow, was brought from Jerusalem at the time of the Crusades. Within the surrounding arcade are tombs and monuments, Roman

ITALIAN LANES AND HIGHROADS

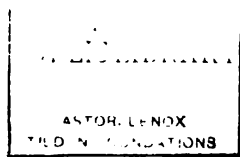
sarcophagi and bits of ancient sculpture, and such a wealth of mediæval frescoes that this building is an almost unrivaled museum of pre-Raphaelite art.

Although the cathedral, the baptistry and the campanile were erected at different times during a period of nearly three hundred years—during the “Dark” Ages, too, from 1063 to 1350—there is a unity in their design and a harmony in their proportion that is as charming as it is rare. The graceful domed baptistry is the most beautiful building of its kind in Italy, if not in the world. The cathedral, with the delicate arches across the façade, became the model for many of the later churches of the country. The circular campanile is girt about with six open colonnades, one above the other; and as the snow-white marble rises above the green turf into the blueness of the Tuscan sky, it seems to be not stone, but lace or frost-work.

Yet this beautiful tower is a freak. For it is the famous Leaning Tower of Pisa. Owing to a subsidence of the foundations, it tilts far out of the perpendicular; and to a person standing at its foot, it looks for all the world as if it were falling. For centuries the campanile has been celebrated for this eccentricity, as for a virtue; and its own innate beauty has been ignored. There is something sad in this. The tower seems to me like a beautiful woman with a twisted back. I prefer to see the comeliness, and try to forget the deformity.



The Cathedral Group at Pisa



PISA, GENOA AND BOLOGNA

In the center of Pisa, along the Arno, are the broad, handsome streets where the people enjoy themselves at the cafés, and take the air in the evening in the quiet Tuscan fashion. But the citizens have not always been so peaceful. They were fighters in the old days, and then even their sports partook of a martial nature.

All during the Middle Ages, the *ponte* was the delight of the Pisans, even as the *palio* was, and still is, the joy of the Sienese. The town was divided into two camps by the Arno, the "Blacks" and the "Whites." Once a year their chosen champions met upon the central bridge and waged with wooden swords a terrific battle. The object of each side was to drive the combatants of the opposing faction back from the neutral ground into their own quarter. Even with elaborate rules of play, and the protection of shields and padded coats, the sport was often bloody and sometimes fatal. Finally, when the spirit of the people had been broken by their defeats in real war, and when the Florentines had put an end to the Republic of Pisa, the virile sport of the good old days lapsed, too, and the *ponte* became but a memory.

It was not Medicean Florence, however, but a sister republic on the coast which dealt the mortal blow to Pisa. The Mediterranean was not large enough for two such mighty naval powers as Pisa and Genoa, and after a century of rivalry, they locked in mortal

ITALIAN LANES AND HIGHROADS

combat. Just as Pisa had overcome and crippled Amalfi, so Genoa, in 1284, inflicted upon the Pisan fleet a defeat from which the republic never fully recovered.

Loyal Americans, however, are less interested in the ancient wars of Genoa than in the memory that this is the city of Christopher Columbus. The Genoese remember it, too; for as we leave the fine modern railway station, we see before us, in the center of the square, a colossal statue of the great navigator. A smaller statue stands in front of his reputed birth-place in the city.

Genoa is still, more than anything else, a seaport—the greatest in all Italy. If we take the tram which follows the Via di Circonvallazione a Monte along the heights just back of the city, we have a succession of magnificent views of the great crescent bay with its long wharves and crowded shipping. To describe this would be to describe the water-front of Marseilles or New York or any other rich, busy seaport in the world. But, in spite of its familiarity, the scene somehow touches the imagination. Along these same quays, among the piles of rope and the strange bales from foreign lands, mingling with the picturesque seamen of those days, once roamed the barefoot boy Cristoforo. He doubtless often looked out over the glistening bay and dreamed of the time when he, too, would command a fleet of high-prowed caravels and sail toward the setting sun. His dream came true,

PISA, GENOA AND BOLOGNA

for this Genoese boy became the greatest mariner of all time and the discoverer of a New World.

In spite of the rush and clamor of commerce along its sea-front, Genoa possesses also the attractiveness of age and romance, and the never-failing color and brilliance of Italian street-life. The cathedral, it is true, is very homely, with its alternate stripes of black and white stone which make it look like a great mass of peppermint candy; but the Church of Santissima Annunziata—and many another church, too—is a golden glory of mediæval decorative art.

The streets of the city are of just two kinds. Parallel to the crescent of the shore run a very few broad, well-paved avenues; and, perpendicular to these, a multitude of incredibly steep, narrow alleys clamber up the abrupt hillside. In these latter, if you are not too fastidious, you will find the unfailing charm of the dear, dirty, beautiful children of Italy.

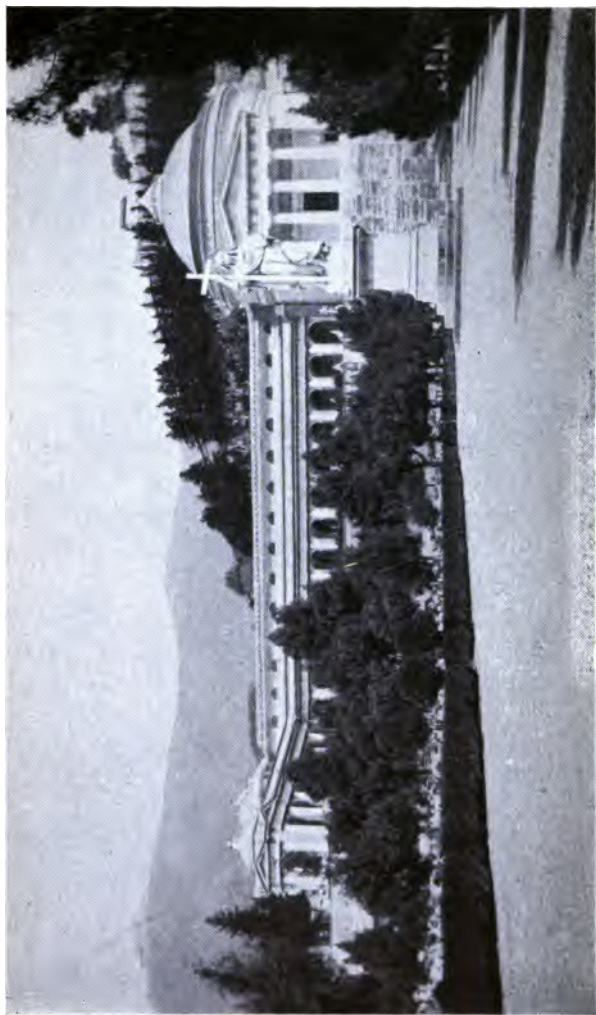
Genoa has its parks, of course; the inevitable Piazza Victor Emmanuel, well-kept public gardens, and its own peculiar Villetta di Negro, which is a most attractive wooded hill with tunneled passages running through it—a bit of wild, romantic scenery almost within a stone's throw of the great modern docks.

There are ancient palaces, too, in Genoa, built by the merchant-princes of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries; and, in their admixture of the daintily beautiful and the grossly imposing, they really look

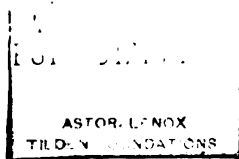
ITALIAN LANES AND HIGHROADS

as if they had been erected by *parvenus*. We glance in through the barred gateways and behold exquisitely planned courts, with wonderful sculptured stairways leading up to the mysterious regions above. We look at the frescoed exteriors—and wonder what Barnum of centuries gone by designed these monstrosities. For they have all the bigness and gaudiness and thin pretentiousness of a modern circus poster. Here are enormous marble columns and elaborately carved cornices—painted on the plaster! Other bigger and bolder decorations are not lacking. The Palazzo Pallavicini boasts half a dozen women's figures, twelve or fifteen feet tall, painted between the windows. Disreputable-looking hussies they are, too, with their dresses blown above their Brobdingnagian knees. Many of these houses, where formerly dwelt the wealth and pride of the city, are now turned to baser uses, for the Genoese sometimes show a very practical disregard of romance. Old palaces are used as banks or warehouses; and the historic residence of the mighty doges of old is appropriated by the offices of the municipality.

Genoa boasts one thing, however, which is absolutely beautiful and satisfying. In a narrow, green valley a little way out of the city is its Campo Santo—I am almost tempted to say *the* Campo Santo of Italy. It is typically Italian—no quiet, shady graveyard where the fathers of the hamlet sleep; but a great rectangle of stone and marble, bright and glis-



The Campo Santo at Genoa



tening in the warm southern sunlight. The square within is crowded with flowers and crosses and little trees. In the very center stands a gigantic statue of the Virgin; above the middle of one side rises a chaste marble dome, while all around the enclosure are immense cloisters. As we pass along these we seem to be, not in a mausoleum, but in the vast corridors of some art museum; for thousands of carved tablets and bas-reliefs mark the tomb-niches in the outer wall, and along the sides of the corridors themselves are hundreds of groups of marble statuary. There is about the place an atmosphere of magnificence and show; yet when we become accustomed to this strange cemetery, there is also in the "Holy Field" of Genoa a sense of peace and of the permanence of eternity.

Throughout all the Middle Ages and down to a time within the memory of living men, the Italians were the most helpless and wretched of peoples. They were not only the victims of bitter and long-continued internal wars, but the prey of any marauding ruler who was ambitious to enlarge his dominions. All these misfortunes were due to the diversity of the races which made up the Italian people and to their lack of political cohesion. From the fall of the Western Empire in the year 476 to the accession of Victor Emmanuel II. as King of United Italy in 1861, the whole peninsula was broken up into innumerable kingdoms, principalities, dukedoms, oligarchies and

ITALIAN LANES AND HIGHROADS

republics; and even these were as unstable and shifting as the sands of the sea. Governments changed, free cities became vassal, subject cities won their freedom, reigning families were overthrown by rival families, foreign invaders gained and lost provinces and kingdoms. The map of Italy was a kaleidoscope of rapid and infinite combinations. If, by reason of these circumstances, Italy missed the peace and prestige of a great and homogeneous nation, it gained as compensation a picturesqueness in its towns and cities and a romanticism in its history such as no other country has ever known.

Few cities in Italy have been more frequently the shuttlecock of fate than Bologna. Etruscan, Carthaginian, Roman, Greek, Lombard, Frank, Italian; emperor, pope, king; Hannibal, Charlemagne, Julius II., Napoleon, Victor Emmanuel II., have one after another ruled the destinies of the unfortunate city. It is no wonder that it lies to-day exhausted on the Eme-
lian plain, like a victim of the rack after the torture is over.

Bologna is the only large city of Italy whose present-day aspect is still mediæval. The time-stained palaces overhang the principal streets so far that the sidewalks run in arcades beneath them. The central *piazza* retains in its monuments and surrounding buildings an atmosphere of antiquity, although, of course, its chief adornment to-day is an equestrian statue of modern Italy's "Pater Patriæ." Above this, towers

one of those cathedrals which can be found nowhere else but in Italy. Although begun five hundred years ago, it is yet unfinished. This was intended to be the largest church in the world, but like many another Italian city, Bologna planned more ambitiously than she could build. Half the structure was erected; and then the work stopped, never to be resumed. In the Piazza Victor Emmanuel, the tall, gaunt walls now stand—bare, hideous brick. In this land of rare beauty, there are many such uncompleted churches of incredible unsightliness; Santa Maria in Aracoeli at Rome, San Lorenzo at Perugia, San Domenico at Siena, and San Petronio at Bologna. Some day, perhaps, the new spirit of united Italy will pause from its commercial pursuits long enough to cover the nakedness of these venerable buildings with fair marble.

It must not be thought that, because of its frequent subjugation by foreign conquerors, Bologna lay supine through the centuries, an easy prey for any invader. Like the other Italians, its citizens could fight, and they were often successful. In one of their wars they captured no less a personage than the son of the powerful Emperor Frederick II., and they kept him a prisoner for twenty-two years. As he beguiled his captivity with poetry and with his love for the beautiful Lucia Vendagoli, we must assume that he did not have the fiery, untamed spirit of his famous father.

ITALIAN LANES AND HIGHROADS

Bologna owes its greatest distinction, however, to the most peaceful of pursuits. Not only after the awakening of the Renaissance but throughout the darkness of the early Middle Ages, the University of Bologna was one of the foremost seats of learning in the world. Students flocked from all parts of Europe to sit at the feet of its famous professors. The old university building is now the municipal library, but there are many things here reminiscent of its original purpose. Above the colonnade of the courtyard there is a frieze of coats-of-arms of the different "consuls" under whose care the students from the various countries were formerly placed. The old *custode* points out here the shield of the Spanish consul, and explains that during the sixteenth century he had charge of the few students who came at that time from far-off America. The old anatomy lecture-room of the university is still preserved as a memorial. It is a worthy one; for here the anatomy of the human body was first taught as a science. The room is built with rising tiers of seats, like the most modern clinical amphitheater, and is beautifully paneled with carved wood. The lecturer's desk is upheld by two male figures, more than nude; for their skins have been removed in order to exhibit the muscular structure and thus keep before the students, even in the adornments of the room, the object of their studies.

Pisa is not the only Italian city with a leaning

tower. Bologna has several. These, however, are not belfries, but were built for use in time of war, like those at San Gimignano. Two of these structures rise in the tiny Piazza di Porta Ravegnana. They are of red brick; one is very lofty, higher even than the famous campanile at Venice, but the other was never finished. Side by side they stand, like two ugly factory chimneys, distorted at different angles from the perpendicular, tall, hideous, misbegotten monstrosities of architecture.

XIII

THE ITALIAN LAKES

LOMBARDY stretches from the broad plain about the river Po to the sheer mountain wall which bounds Italy on the north. Approaching the Alps from France or Germany, one ascends gradually over the foothills to the loftier peaks ; but on the Italian side, the great snow-clad ranges rise almost sheer from the plain. At their feet, and winding circuitously among their green slopes, lie the far-famed Italian Lakes, which are fed at one end by the melting of the perpetual ice-fields, and flow out at the other between the orchards and farm-lands of the most fertile river-valley in the world. They are the daughters of the mountain, wedded to the plain.

It is remarkable that here, on the most northerly limits of Italy, just where an unseen line marks the transition to Switzerland, we find again the vivid coloring of the south. Here also are semi-tropical fruits ; fig and olive and lemon and orange, growing in luxuriant profusion beneath the sheltering wall of the Alps. The rare beauty of the Italian Lakes, a beauty which is sharply contrasted with that of the

THE ITALIAN LAKES

Swiss Lakes just over the range, is due not only to their clearer skies and their richer coloring, but in an even greater degree to the brilliancy of the surrounding foliage and to the bewildering abundance of gorgeous, fragrant flowers.

The largest of the lakes north of Milan—although not the largest in Italy—is Lago Maggiore. The broad expanse of its waters permits wide views of the distant peaks of the Alps, but it precludes the sense of intimacy and affection which one comes to feel for the smaller lakes. Maggiore may be admired, but it is too big to be loved. From the plain at the south, the shores rise higher and higher; their slopes become wilder, and the cultivated fields give way to forests, until, near the northern end, we pass the boundary line and float on the waters of Switzerland.

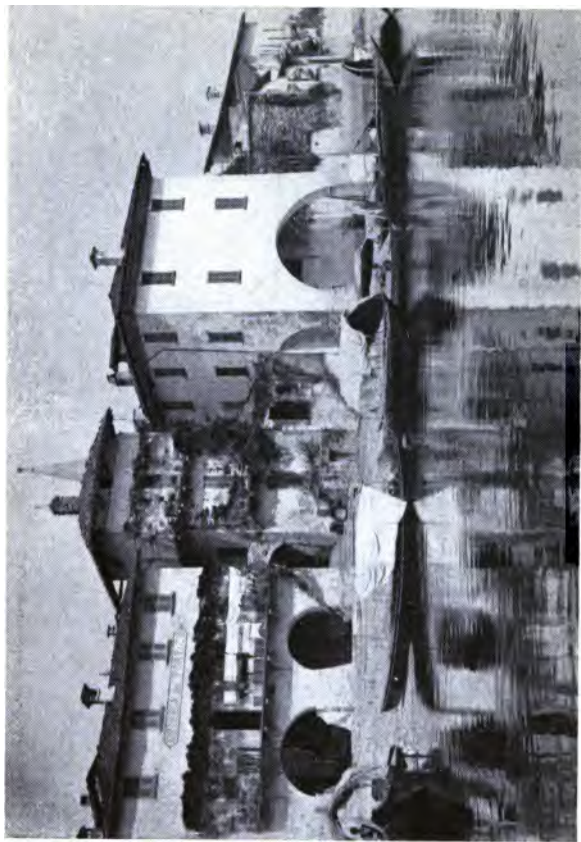
A number of Italian nobility and royalty have villas at Stresa, a little town of hotels and summer palaces at the foot of the approach to the Simplon Pass. Near by, the Borromean Isles float upon the calm surface of the blue water. Perhaps it is because the Italian Lakes possess so few islands that this little group has been so admired. The Isola Bella has been transformed into a beautiful garden, which is laid out upon successive terraces, one above the other, from the shore to the villa at the summit. At a distance, there is an appearance of strained artificiality in the regular rising of these hanging gardens which detracts from their beauty; but when we wander

ITALIAN LANES AND HIGHROADS

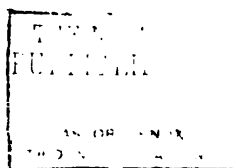
through their fragrant paths among the oleanders and magnolias and orange trees, when we look out through the arches of the colonnade across the fair lake to the tree-clad shore, backed by the towering, snow-streaked Alps, this seems in truth to be one of the most charming spots on earth.

Travelers do not wholly agree as to which is the most beautiful of the Italian Lakes. Each sheet of water is different from the others and each has a charm of its own. Lake Lugano, perhaps, excels in the picturesqueness of the villages which dot its shores. This lake, by the accidents of diplomacy, lies wholly within the boundaries of Switzerland; but the people are racially Italian, their language is Italian, their manners and ways of living are Italian. If it were not for the formalities of the custom-house, one would never know when an international boundary is being crossed. In fact, as the little steamer zigzags from shore to shore, it runs in and out of Switzerland in a most confusing manner. The tiny village of Campione, south of Lugano, is one of those odd bits of geographical eccentricity which are not uncommon in Europe, an enclave. It is a part of the Italian Kingdom; but it is entirely disconnected with the rest of the country, and is, so to speak, an island of Italy entirely surrounded by Swiss territory.

The villages which here and there break the somber green of the shore-line of Lake Lugano are compactly built. The houses huddle close to the water's



An Italian Lake Village



THE ITALIAN LAKES

edge, and sometimes even overhang it. Tiny restaurants and cafés frequently stretch their trellised terraces above the lake. The less favored buildings clamber up the steep slopes toward the oak and chestnut woods, and look out over the roofs of those below. All are of stone, covered with stucco, and whitewashed. They have a clean, well-kept appearance—provided one does not examine them too closely—and their severity of hue is softened by the green vines which clamber over them and by the brilliant flowers blooming on the window-ledges and the parapets.

Lugano, which is one of the smaller lakes, is open at its northern end to the frost-laden winds from the high Alps; and so does not have the luxuriant vegetation and the vivid coloring which are found on secluded, mountain-walled Como. This latter lake lies wholly within Italian territory. Even in Roman times it was famous for its beauty; during the Middle Ages it was the scene of many stirring and romantic events, and it still maintains its preëminence in the hearts of most travelers. Its waters take the form of an inverted letter Y. Coming from Milan, we reach the lake at the city of Como, at one of its southern tips, just where the Lombard plain ends abruptly at the foot of the mountains.

This little town has had a long past. It has been subject to Etruscans, Celts and Romans; to Goths, Huns and Vandals; to Lombards, French and Span-

ITALIAN LANES AND HIGHROADS

iards. Its chief boast is that it gave to the world the elder and the younger Pliny, who are still the presiding geniuses of the place. Now, however, it is dull and sleepy, and has become merely the vestibule of the Lago di Como. Tourists rush through it from train to boat and only pause, perforce, when they miss connections. But the town is really worthy of better things, for it has a fine old Gothic cathedral and a beautiful mediæval town hall. Yet few stay to inspect them. The busiest part of Como is the stone quay beside the little port, where the lake steamers puff in to take on their hurrying passengers and puff quickly out again. Here porters rush about mishandling luggage, while the natives stand around in silent wonderment at the unnecessary and distracting haste of foreigners.

Only a little of the lake is visible from here, for it soon turns about a steep promontory, and its farther reaches are lost to view. To the left, the railway climbs laboriously upward toward the heights of St. Gotthard; to the right rise the densely wooded slopes of Monte San Maurizio, disfigured with huge advertising signs. We are glad to go aboard one of the tiny steamers and sail out to discover what fair sights lie beyond the sheer precipices which bar the distant view. But as we round each wooded point and float into new and more entrancing scenes, we find still other promontories shutting off the farther panorama. And so we advance from beauty to

THE ITALIAN LAKES

beauty, from rapture to rapture, over the blue waters, beneath the towering peaks, past the villages and villas and parks and forests of this rainbow-tinted land.

For twenty centuries, this region of wondrous beauty has been a land of leisure and pleasure. The wealthy Romans built upon these fair shores the villas to which they retired when sated with the nervous enjoyments of the capital. Here, during the Middle Ages, the nobility of Lombardy erected their summer palaces; gorgeous, sumptuous structures, yet strong enough to serve as fortresses when occasion arose. To-day, people flock hither from many distant lands, to bask in the beauty and peace of the Larian Lake.

Both shores of Como are dotted with frequent villas, which stand on the summits of the promontories, overhang the waters of secluded bays, and rise from every wooded hill. These villas are stately residences with luxurious suites of rooms, and marble courtyards where sparkling fountains play, and shady colonnades, safe from the shafts of the Italian sun. They command magnificent prospects over the blue lake and distant mountains; but their greatest charm lies in their marvelous gardens.

Although close beneath the eternal ice-fields of the Alps, these gardens are almost tropical in their coloring and luxuriance. Flowers, shrubs, vines and trees grow in well-ordered profusion. Red and white

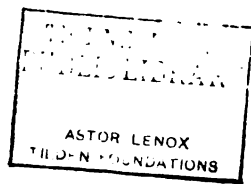
ITALIAN LANES AND HIGHROADS

and yellow roses clamber over the long pergolas; fragrant azaleas and geraniums are banked in the corners of the parapets; crimson oleanders and towering magnolias line the well-kept paths or overhang the terraces and mirror their beauty in the lake below; vines climb over the walls beside the wave-lapped steps; and pots and vases along the marble balustrades glow with the gorgeous hues of smaller flowers. Through the green foliage gleams the golden fruit upon the lemon trees. The air is heavy with the fragrance and vibrant with the notes of many song-birds. And as we raise our eyes from the riotous profusion of color about us, we gaze out over the blue waters of the lake to the infinite gradations of green and gray and purple upon the distant shores.

Because of its wide outlook, Bellagio, upon the tip of the promontory between the southern arms of the lake, is a favorite stopping-place. Almost its whole shore-line is taken up by fine hotels, whose terraces in many places cross the one broad street and extend to the water's edge. Between these modern buildings, narrow lanes wind up the hillside among the simple homes of the natives. It is almost startling to step from the esplanade along the lake-front, with its wide prospect and luxurious hotels, into the rough-paved streets and stairways which climb between the close-built houses, just as in the Hill Towns which we have left so far behind us.



A Villa on Lake Como



THE ITALIAN LAKES

After Florence and Genoa and Bologna, it is a delight to find ourselves once more in a village where the grandames sit on the doorsteps and wish a cheery *buon giorno* to all passers-by. The wood-carver greets us with a smile as we enter the tiny shop where he sits at his bench making toys and wonderful little boxes; and he graciously permits us to play with the strange gimcracks upon his counter. If we buy, he thanks us profusely; if not, he smiles and bids us come again.

Lake Como is always charming, and not less so that its beauty changes from hour to hour. In the early morning, the shores gleam wan through the mists of the rising sun and are mirrored in the unruffled surface of the blue water. At sunset, the heavens empty their vials of luminous color over all the scene, the innumerable promontories of the irregular shore-lines take on countless soft gradations of hue, the snow-capped Alps stand clear-cut against the distant horizon, and the lake itself turns to molten gold. When darkness has fallen, and the full-orbed southern moon floats through the infinite depths of the Italian sky, Como is incomparable. We row out from the black shadows of the forests which overhang the shore; out into the silence of the lake. The cliffs and rocky heights, standing out in silhouette, loom bolder and higher than by day; in the moonlight the distant mountains hang like gauze upon the far horizon; the rippling waters, touched by the

ITALIAN LANES AND HIGHROADS

balmy zephyrs which fan our cheeks, dance in a silvery pathway down the lake, while from the wooded shore rise the notes of the nightingale, as though he, too, were enraptured by the gorgeous beauty of the night.

XIV

ACROSS NORTHERN ITALY

AS we travel northward in Italy we find more and more Teutonic blood mingled with the old Latin strain. The people are cleaner, more industrious, more prosperous, and less picturesque. The Milanese are as interesting as the inhabitants of Berlin or London, and no more so. The city itself is new, busy, clean—and dull. There is something more attractive about a ragged Italian beggar asleep on the pavement than a tram-car conductor or a bank clerk earning an honest living. It is strange, perhaps, that the ignorance and filth and idleness of Naples should be so much more picturesque than the self-respect and industry of Milan; but they undoubtedly are.

Italy is now politically united, but it is not yet by any means a unit. It will be many years before the petty jealousies of the old rival states are totally obliterated. The Neapolitan still looks down upon the Sicilian as the scum of the earth; the Roman considers the Neapolitan as a lower order of creation; and the Florentine thinks that the Roman is an in-

ITALIAN LANES AND HIGHROADS

ferior being. There is no doubt that the scale of civilization rises as we go northward through the peninsula: human life is held in higher regard, filth is succeeded by cleanliness, and sloth and lethargy give way to brisk and successful business. It would be difficult to find a city in Europe which has more of an appearance of bustling activity and prosperity and modern beauty than Milan. As a result, it is uninteresting.

The streets of Milan present the greatest contrast to those of Naples. There is here no *dolce far niente*. Every one has something to do, and he does it briskly. The breezes which sweep down from the snowfields of the neighboring Alps are more conducive to activity of mind and body than the soft zephyrs which float in from the languid seas about sun-bathed Naples. There is a crispness here even in the clang of the tram bells, in the frequent honk of the automobiles, and in the step of the hurrying crowds.

Just off the great *piazza* where the cathedral stands, we come to the center of the life of Milan, the Galleria. This structure is not by any means the only one of its kind in the country, but it is the largest and most ornate. The Italians are very fond of these buildings. There is one in almost every great city, and it is strange that other countries have not adopted the same scheme. A *galleria* is a huge building with two broad passages running at right angles

ACROSS NORTHERN ITALY

through the center and extending the whole height of the structure. These passages, roofed with glass, are, in effect, public streets, lined with shops and restaurants and theaters and cafés—although vehicles are, of course, excluded from them. Here the Italians enjoy their beloved open-air life in any weather. Even when the rain is pouring down in torrents, one can sit at his café or mingle with the moving crowds, practically out-of-doors. Band concerts are often given here in the evening; then the long, covered streets are filled with people and the cafés spread out to their utmost limits. Naples is prouder of its *galleria* than of its palaces and churches; but the Milanese are quite certain that their own *galleria* is the most sumptuous and beautiful building in all the world, excepting only their cathedral.

The Piazza del Duomo is an attractive square, quite Parisian in its spacious and well-groomed appearance. At its eastern end sits the pride and glory of Milan, the cathedral. Every other great church that I have ever seen rises: Milan Cathedral sits. This is the only large church in Italy which really approaches northern Gothic in style; but it lacks the towers and spires which give character to the cathedrals of France and Germany and England. The façade, adorned with its countless statues, is high but not lofty. The hundred statue-crowned pinnacles rise up in the air, but they do not soar. The whole vast edifice—although it is of gleaming marble,

ITALIAN LANES AND HIGHROADS

ornate almost to the point of affectation, and in size exceeded by only two other churches in the world—is earth-rooted.

We accordingly enter the doorway with the cramped feeling that we must needs bend our heads beneath the low roof; but, behold, the clustered pillars soar up to infinity, the dim groined arches bend far above us, and between shadowy columns the marble floor is flecked with prismatic light from the lofty windows. It was a strange architectural feat which hid this wonderfully spacious church behind that squat façade. In the interior of Milan Cathedral the Italians for once grasped the spirit of true Gothic, and they produced an edifice which for solemn grandeur is not surpassed in the world. It is majestic, worshipful, awe-inspiring.

In the right transept is one of the strangest monuments that ever found its way into a church—a statue of St. Bartholomew representing the martyr after he had been flayed. There he stands nonchalantly, clothed in the outer layer of his muscles, with his skin, which has been cleverly removed in one piece, draped over his shoulder. The sculptor has been gruesomely scientific in the details of this strange work of art, with the result that he has made the saint an interesting, but an exceedingly unattractive, object.

Although the exterior of the cathedral seems stunted, even here the details are beautiful. It is



On the Roof of Milan Cathedral

GENERAL
ELEPHANT

ASTOR LENOX
T. T. FOUNDATIONS

ACROSS NORTHERN ITALY

worth climbing to the roof to see the delicately carved tower, which is invisible from most parts of the square below, the turrets with their innumerable statues, the weird and grotesque gargoyles, and the lace-like buttresses of the lofty nave. This is the only great church in the world that is most beautiful when seen from its own ridge-pole. The roof itself is interesting and popular. Intricate passages wind through the walls, run spirally about the turrets and up to the lofty central tower. The broad marble roof of the nave is a cool and pleasant place to rest. I visited it once on one of the numerous Italian feast-days, and the broad, breeze-swept spaces, among the slender towers and beneath the shadow of their crowning statues, were crowded with gay parties who were picnicking here, just as if this had been some grassy park down on the earth far below.

Even prosperity has not been able wholly to obliterate the individualities of the North Italian cities. Verona, just beyond the eastern border of Lombardy, boasts of a varied preëminence. Do we consider strategic importance and beauty of situation; directly north from Verona we behold the distant Alps, whose snow-clad heights are cut straight through by the valley of her own Adige—the quickest, easiest natural route for traders or soldiers between the Italian peninsula and the heart of continental Europe. Is our interest in stirring tales of war and

ITALIAN LANES AND HIGHROADS

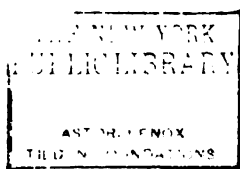
conquest; the world's greatest generals passed through Verona: sometimes they left it a smoking ruin behind them. The Castle of San Pietro, on the height above the riverside, has known the tread of Vespasian, Constantine, Alaric, Attila and Napoleon. Theodoric rebuilt the already ancient fortress and reigned there in imperial splendor. Pepin and Charlemagne chose it as a favorite resting-place. It was the sons of the latter who founded the University of Verona; and statues of Frankish Roland and Oliver still adorn the portal of the cathedral.

In mediæval days, a family of Veronese merchants by the name of Scala built up the greatest state in Italy, and their native city became, not only the richest in the land, but a renowned center of art and literature and luxuriant refinement. Here Giotto painted; here Dante spent a considerable part of his exile, and to his lordly host, Can Grande, he dedicated the "Paradiso." And Verona had always her own native masters of the brush and pen: Catullus, Altichieri, the two Benaglios, Caroto—to name only a few of them—and, most famous of all, he who bore his city's name, the immortal Paolo Veronese.

But we have seen so many ancient churches and splendid palaces and beautiful pictures that here we shall not search so carefully for details of architectural interest, or pause long before the wealth of artistic treasures. To me, Verona seemed an ideal place for aimless, restful wanderings. It is one of



The Market Place at Verona

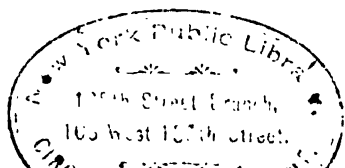


ACROSS NORTHERN ITALY

the cities whose genius you can appreciate without the weariness of sight-seeing. "In Verona, the gutters are of marble," says one writer—and he is stating a bare fact. You can stay out-of-doors and, without burdening the mind with facts and dates, can absorb the wonderful wealth and luxury which, even in this day of its decline, mark the marble city. The red and white of this beautiful stone is seen everywhere. The façades of the palaces, the lofty walls of the churches, extravagant bas-reliefs and statues along the streets, fountains in the public squares, ornamental arches over narrow alleys, and even humble hitching-posts in this royal city are of wonderful colored marble, in sparkling white and soft, mellow red, whose beauty is matched only by the crimson glow of the sunset on the glistening snows of the ever-present Alps.

Out in the street, in front of the tiny Church of Santa Maria Antica, are the far-famed Tombs of the Scaligers; and near by is the Tomb of Guglielmo da Castelbarco, which Ruskin considered the most beautiful of Gothic monuments. The Piazza Erbe, which so charmed Dickens, is another of the crowded, noisy, quaint, fantastic Italian squares which never lose their interest for the traveler. Here and there through the city crop out bits of Roman buildings; and in the Piazza Brà there is a whole vast amphitheater, badly broken, it is true, by an earthquake of seven hundred years ago, but still capable of seat-

[197]



ITALIAN LANES AND HIGHROADS

ing 20,000 spectators, and even to-day used for important gatherings. Here in the great arena once took place those cruel gladiatorial combats of imperial Rome; here, in the succession of the centuries, martyrs were burned at the stake, stirring tournaments were held, then brilliant bull-fights; and in a more peaceful age, here great operas have been sung and great dramas acted. Here, too, in 1866, the rejoicing Veronese welcomed Victor Emmanuel II. and a dawning of a new day for united Italy.

As you stroll along the streets of Verona you may happen on the very houses where once dwelt Romeo and Juliet. They say so, at least. The Capulets, or Capelletti, were indeed a real family; but we suspect that a desire to please the English tourists prompted the identification of Juliet's home with this tall, narrow building, whose only balcony, by the way, is so high up under the roof that the most ardent lover would have needed an aeroplane to reach it.

If your credulity is not too strained by the effort to picture Romeo's astounding gymnastic prowess, you can find, in the cemetery of the old Capuchin Monastery by the river, the very tomb of the famous lovers. It is an ancient red marble sarcophagus, lidless and empty—one of the very few tombs of persons who never existed save in a poet's fancy. Yet as we stand here in the solemn quietness, we do not scoff. Who of us dare hint that these two—the world's greatest lovers—were not more real, shall not be

more enduring, than the proudest of the merchant-lords of old Verona!

Padua, near the Adriatic coast, is unfortunately situated. The traveler going eastward knows that Venice lies just beyond, and he is impatient to hurry forward; if he is coming westward from the city of marble palaces and color-bathed churches, all else suffers by comparison. And so Padua is seldom appreciated. But it is no mean town. In classical times it was the third largest city of the Roman Empire; and during the Middle Ages it attracted to itself the scholars and poets and painters of Italy.

The Paduans believe implicitly that their city was founded by Antenor, the brother of King Priam of Troy. They not only have Vergil as authority for the statement, but they possess Antenor himself. In one of the older streets, near the house where Dante once lived, is the tomb of Antenor. This is evidence enough for them. The natives give no credence to the conclusions of antiquaries that this sarcophagus is mediæval, and that the gigantic form within it is probably the body of one of the invading Huns of the ninth century.

The history of many Italian cities is written in their stones, but that of Padua is written in water. During the earliest times, the wandering river Bacchiglione was led about the fortifications in canals, in order to strengthen the defences. Then, as the

ITALIAN LANES AND HIGHROADS

town increased in size, its boundaries were enlarged; and successive concentric canals mark the stages of its growth. All these waterways still meander through and around Padua, irrigating the parks and giving to the streets a fresh and cool appearance.

The greatest pride of the city is the Church of St. Anthony. He was one of the earliest Franciscans, a friend of the *Poverello* of Assisi, and, to the Paduans, the greatest of all the saints. They do not refer to him by name. Why should they? He is to them "the Saint." The square before his church is officially known as "Piazza del Santo." The huge edifice which encloses his tomb is topped with minarets and with no fewer than six large, blue domes. Looming above the roofs of the city, it is the landmark of the countryside and can be seen far out over the marshy plain.

The interior of the church is filled with sculpture and carving and painting, a wonderful collection of works of art. In a gorgeous chapel in the left transept, the saint himself sleeps beneath a wonderfully beautiful altar. About this the pilgrims ever throng; the devout and the troubled and the sinning, to implore the intercession and the assistance of the great St. Anthony of Padua.

Just before the famous pilgrimage church stands the statue of Gattamelata, who was a general of the Republic of Venice at the time when Padua was a part of its wide dominions. This fine bronze of

horse and rider is by Donatello, and is said to be the first equestrian statue cast in metal between Roman times and the Renaissance.

Near by is one of the most beautiful of the many varied public squares of Italy. Originally the Roman theater stood here; later, during the Dark Ages, the place became a marsh; to-day it is the Piazza Victor Emmanuel. A shady park, which retains the outlines of the old theater, is surrounded by a cool canal; and upon the parapet stand statues of scores of the famous men of Padua and of the poets and painters and scientists and students and generals who have had a part in its long history. Livy, Tasso, Petrarch, Dante, Galileo, Giotto, Mantegna, Donatello—their names are legion. As we saunter here beneath the grateful shade of the plane trees or gaze over the balustrade into the cool depths of the canal, we seem to be in the company of the great men of the past, an endless train of those who, since the earliest dawn of time, have lived and loved and fought and sung within the stream-girt walls of Padua.

XV

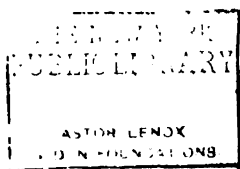
THE CITY OF PLEASURE AND PATHOS

ON one occasion, the train in which I was making the long trip from Florence to Venice was delayed for several hours by the derailment of a freight car in one of the many tunnels on the line south of Bologna. It was accordingly nearly two o'clock in the morning when we rolled across the causeway from the mainland into the huge terminal at Venice. For several hours our range of vision had been shut in by the darkness to the four walls of the compartment in which we were traveling. Now at last we alighted beneath the great steel train-shed and turned our luggage over to the sleepy porters. Everything here was modern—the engine puffing noisily after its long run, the uniformed officials of the station, the shouting hotel runners, and the gaudy advertisements upon the billboards. The scene resembled Milan or Paris or Jersey City much more than fondly-pictured Venice.

As we left the noise and arc lights and steel girders of the train-shed, we descended a few steps, took our seats in a swaying gondola and were rowed out into



Venice—One of the Small Waterways



CITY OF PLEASURE AND PATHOS

the night. There was a startling contrast in the sudden transition from the uproar of the modern railway terminal to the shadowy canals, reflecting upon their liquid surfaces the delicate, moon-touched tracery of the ancient palaces. We quit the Grand Canal at once for the narrower waterways, and sped on, beneath green branches which overhung garden walls, between the dark palaces rising sheer from the darker waters below, and under black shadows of low-arching bridges. No sound broke the silence save the plaintive warning call of our gondolier as we swung around the eerie corners. The Venice of the present was wrapped in slumber, and what we saw on that splendid night was the Venice of long ago.

The city in the sea is not, however, all moonshine and romance. At low tide, the mud-flats show bare and slimy above the receding waters of the Lagoon. In the poorer quarters of Venice, the narrow canals are apt, at high water, to bear on their green surface such unpoetical objects as egg shells, orange peels and tin cans. When the Queen of the Adriatic is viewed from a distance, all the bell towers—with the sole exception of the brand-new campanile of St. Mark's—are seen to lean from the perpendicular, and no two in the same direction or at the same angle. The walls of every church in Venice are cracking as the foundations sink, and it is seldom that any one of these edifices is entirely free from the scaffoldings of the restorers. The floor of ancient, inimitable

ITALIAN LANES AND HIGHROADS

San Marco heaves and billows in troughs and ridges like the waves of a mosaic sea. By day, the city is pervaded with the sadness of impending and inevitable ruin.

Yet Venice is still preëminently a city of pleasure. It is visited annually by hundreds of thousands of strangers—holiday-makers all—and the sole business of its inhabitants seems to be catering to their enjoyment. The great Piazza of St. Mark, the most beautiful public square in Europe, is the center and focus of interest and the chief pleasure-ground. It is surrounded on three sides by arcaded marble palaces, and at the open end there rises, beneath the shadow of the reconstructed campanile, the gold and alabaster façade of San Marco. In the late afternoon and evening the popular cafés expand like huge, night-blooming flowers from beneath the shaded colonnades to which the warm summer sun drives them during the day; and they spread their chairs and tables half-way across the *piazza*.

At the corner next the bell tower is Florian's, one of the most famous cafés of Europe. Let us seat ourselves here, and watch at leisure the passing land-pageant. Not a canal is visible; yet the scene is strictly Venetian. At this busiest spot in a city of over 150,000 souls, there is not a wagon or tram-car or automobile; but there is abundant life and motion. The only sounds are human voices and the unceasing cooing of innumerable doves. Beneath the long ar-

CITY OF PLEASURE AND PATHOS

cedes the shops are doing a thriving business, and all of them are purveying to pleasure. Everything sold here may be classed as a luxury—jewelry, pictures, Venetian glassware, books, post cards, fancy leather-work, souvenirs of all kinds, laces, cakes and ices and wines. You can, to be sure, buy the necessities of life in Venice, but not in the Piazza. The ever-changing crowds which circulate about the square are drawn from the four quarters of the globe. Almost every race and every tongue is represented here; indeed, the English and German languages are heard more frequently than the Italian. This has well been called the drawing-room of Venice.

But the living quarters of the family—to continue the figure—are fully as interesting. In the narrow streets and along the smaller canals near the *Fondamenta Nuove* and the *Fondamenta delle Zattere*, live the Venetians of to-day. It must be remembered that, in spite of the hundred and fifty canals which thread their way among the islands on which the city is built, it is possible to go anywhere on foot. The streets and alleys wind in and out between the towering buildings, up and down over steep little bridges with a pitch like the gable of a house, along canals, and sometimes through the lower stories of great palaces; seldom straight, and never following any one course very far. The stranger who attempts to see Venice afoot finds it a bewildering labyrinth of twisting streets and blind alleys, in which the sense of di-

ITALIAN LANES AND HIGHROADS

rection becomes confused and the wanderer lost. But if one has the time, it is an interesting experience, sure to bring him into remote corners and picturesque nooks unknown to the tourist who confines himself to the regions near the Piazza and the Grand Canal. It may be that he will come upon an ancient garden, now gone to seed, but with the marble well-curb still shaded by venerable trees; or a delicious bit of carving set high in the wall of a faded palace; or a group of fishing-boats with the glow of the dying sunset on their red and orange sails.

The streets and squares bordered by the canals are seldom guarded at the edge, where the water laps the worn stones only a foot or two below. Yet there are surprisingly few accidents. Once, however, I came upon a dramatic scene in one of the out-of-the-way quarters. An excited crowd was gathered about the brink of a small canal. Women were screaming and gesticulating, while men were fishing about in the muddy waters with long poles. At last they located and pulled to the surface an unfortunate Venetian who had been celebrating unwisely with the aid of the native wine. A score of ready hands dragged him, dripping and gasping, out upon the pavement of the *calle*. Although it seemed that he must have been at the bottom of the canal for several minutes, it was probably only seconds, and he appeared none the worse for his ducking. But he himself was convinced that he had been drowned. The poor fellow

CITY OF PLEASURE AND PATHOS

rent the air with his cries, and mingled curses with prayers to the Virgin and to all the saints of the Venetian calendar. Two or three women hung weeping and imploring about his wet neck; but it was a long time before he would be comforted and persuaded that he was not already in purgatory.

The streets are picturesque, but after all it is the waterways which distinguish the Queen of the Adriatic from all other cities. Some towns of Holland have been likened to Venice, but the resemblance is only superficial. The Dutch canals carry nothing but heavy freight, while everything else travels by land. Here, on the contrary, all the traffic is by water and, except for pedestrians, by water only. The milkman and marketman and the fishman deliver their wares by boat. All objects of whatever kind, larger than a hand package, must be transported in this manner. At the door of the city prison, a gondola with a close-barred hood is always in waiting, the police patrol of Venice. When the Venetian goes to his last resting-place among the cypress trees of the isle of the Cimitero, it is again in a gondola with waving black plumes.

The craft which ply the waters of this amphibious city are many and various: low, light skiffs, heavy barges, fishing-boats with blunt prows and painted sails, tiny passenger steamers on the Grand Canal—the “trams” of Venice—lithe, speedy power boats; and on the Lagoon off the Riva, giant steamers of

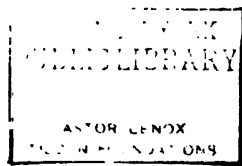
ITALIAN LANES AND HIGHROADS

the Mediterranean lines, graceful, luxurious yachts, freighters from England and Wales, slate-colored torpedo-boats and cruisers of the Italian navy. But the historic boat of Venice is, of course, the gondola. This is the most comfortable and luxurious vehicle ever devised by a pleasure-loving people. There are few more delightful sensations in life than sinking back upon the cushions of one of the long, roomy craft and watching the marble palaces float by, as the gondola swiftly and silently, and with a motion so gentle as to be almost imperceptible, skims over the surface of the water.

The gondola is not by any means, however, the universal mode of locomotion in Venice. It is rather the rich man's craft, corresponding to the carriage in other cities. The wealthy residents keep their own boats, and the gondoliers of the nobility wear the family colors as footmen elsewhere wear livery. The law does not permit gondolas to be adorned in any manner, and so the coats-of-arms are placed upon the tall, painted poles to which they are moored before the palaces. Transient strangers use the public craft which are found for hire in almost every part of Venice. Off the Piazzetta, near the Doge's Palace, is the largest and most popular "stand." Here, among the rough, unpainted poles, the boats gather and the boatmen cry for patronage just as cabmen do in other cities; but here the cry is the musical "Gondola, gondola, gondola!"



Venetian Reflections



CITY OF PLEASURE AND PATHOS

In the ninth century some Venetian traders stole the body of St. Mark from Alexandria, smuggled it out of Egypt concealed in a load of pork—an abomination to all Moslems—and brought it home to Venice. The Evangelist at once became the patron saint of the city, and his lion the emblem of the republic. The church which now encloses his tomb is one of the most famous and beautiful buildings in the world. The Venetians erected the edifice when they were a great naval power; and during the six centuries which they spent completing and embellishing it, they made it a practice to take whatever they wanted from the cities which they conquered—and they were many—and add it to the adornments of their beloved San Marco. In this way sculptures, bronzes and semi-precious stones, and quaint and beautiful columns of marble and alabaster were brought from the East to find places among the decorations of the Venetian shrine.

St. Mark's is a small church: compared with other edifices in Italy it might almost be called tiny. It resembles nothing so much as a jewel-box. The whole interior is lined with Oriental marbles and alabaster, and with golden and richly colored mosaics. Every inch of the floor, walls, columns and ceiling glows with warm hues, so that the effect is one of barbaric magnificence. Venice always faced the East, whence her trade and wealth were drawn, and whither her fleets set out on their frequent voyages

ITALIAN LANES AND HIGHROADS

of conquest. It is no wonder, then, that San Marco is Oriental in its splendor. But the beautiful little church is now in imminent danger of destruction. Its foundations, which were built centuries ago upon wooden piles driven into the mud of the Lagoon, are sinking; the floor is as uneven as a plowed field; great cracks yawn in the walls. In spite of the efforts of the government engineers, who labor unceasingly to preserve the structure, it may at any time follow the example of the campanile and, with all its priceless sculptures and mosaics and carvings, sink down into a heap of worthless dust.

Throughout all the bewildering political changes of the Middle Ages, the Venetian Republic remained steadfast and unshaken. From the foundation of the city in the fifth century until the Napoleonic Wars remade the map of Europe, no enemy ever passed her "wooden walls" except in chains. The citizens of this proud little state erected for their seat of government one of the most beautiful capitol buildings to be found anywhere. The Doge's Palace stands beside St. Mark's and extends from the Piazza to the water-front, the hugest and apparently the only staunch structure in the city.

The exterior is adorned with arcades and columns and sculptures, while above the colonnades the walls are covered with a matting-like pattern of colored marbles. The state rooms within glow with the unfaded frescoes of Titian, Tintoretto, Paolo Veronese

and a score of others. These wonderful paintings all glorify Venice. They portray *Venetia* as a beautiful woman, now crowned by Fame, now receiving the treasures of the sea from Neptune, now enthroned upon the world. They depict the heroes of Venetian history, her great generals and venerable doges; and they delineate the events of the past to which the citizens looked back with swelling pride—naval victories, conquests in foreign lands, and the capture of rich and famous cities by the arms of Venice. The republic's history was writ large upon the palace walls, so that the populace and the nobility had ever before their eyes the glory of their past to spur them on to still greater deeds in the future.

But that was in the old days. The Ducal Palace no longer stands for the power and glory of the Venetian State; it is now a museum to which admission tickets are sold for thirty cents. The halls where the councils deliberated, where the senate sat, where the doge received in state the embassies of foreign potentates; even the Scala d'Oro, once trodden only by those whose names were written in the Golden Book—all are thronged with gaping tourists. These penetrate even to the room where the dreaded Council of Ten once held its secret sessions, and thrust their hands into the "Lion's Mouth" through which unsigned denunciations were passed to the awful tribunal; they wander through the dark, dank dungeons below the level of the canal, where many a

ITALIAN LANES AND HIGHROADS

famous prisoner languished until released by welcome death.

It may be true that the Republic of Venice degenerated into a tyrannical oligarchy, that the ruling class of the aristocracy substituted "bread and the circus" for popular liberty, and that the dry rot of the eighteenth century sapped the vitality and morality of the city as it did throughout the rest of Europe. Nevertheless, there is a pathos in the giving over of these scenes of triumph and glory to the amusement of strangers, who wonder, feel a pleasant little thrill—and pass on and forget.

All Venice is pathetic by daylight. The cracked walls of the churches, the faded palaces turned into noisy hotels, the descendants of heroes trafficking in post cards and tawdry souvenirs—this is what is left of the once proud Queen of the Adriatic, who humbled the greatest navies of Europe, captured Constantinople and Athens, defeated the Turk, ruled half the Orient, and was sued for favors by popes and kings and emperors.

But after sunset, Venice regains all her lost beauty. When the blemishes visible by day are hidden by the shadows, when the Doge's Palace is emptied of tourists and locked for the night, when the silver moon rises above the waters of the Adriatic Sea just as it used to do in centuries long gone by; then the ghosts of olden days seem again to crowd the liquid streets of the fair city.

CITY OF PLEASURE AND PATHOS

I was once at Venice at the time of a *Grande Sere-nata*. It had been an unusually poor season, for rumors of cholera had kept many visitors away from the city; so the municipal authorities organized a great *festa* for the benefit of the gondoliers. Fifty musicians and two hundred singers, upon a huge float, were drawn through the Grand Canal, stopping at frequent intervals to render their selections. From station to station they moved, from the Rialto Bridge to the Doge's Palace, throughout the whole long summer evening.

It was a magnificent moonlit night; and all Venice and the strangers within her gates were gathered upon and about the Grand Canal. They filled the windows of the palaces, overflowed into the adjoining gardens, and crowded out upon the steps leading to the water's edge. Those who could, clustered about the float, some in skiffs, some in long barges, but most in gondolas. During the singing, all the craft pressed close about the moving stage, a compact mass of boats, reaching from side to side of the wide water-way and for some distance up and down the canal. As soon as each number was finished, all the craft, as though they had been live things animated by the same impulse, moved slowly outward, separated gradually, and then raced swiftly for the next station. As the float again came to rest, the lithe, black gondolas slowly nosed their way in among one another, pushing forward where there was a slight

ITALIAN LANES AND HIGHROADS

opening until they were packed rail to rail. Then a hush fell upon the vast crowd; talking and laughing and the warning cries of the boatmen ceased, as the singers once more sent their melodious strains out upon the night.

It was a weird and romantic scene. The southern moon, rising over the farther roofs, touched with light the carved balconies and groined windows of the marble palaces which rose out of the dark water, until they gleamed like unreal visions. The somber foliage of waving trees bent here and there above the tall garden walls. The colored lights upon the float cast a strange gleam over the singers and the nearer circle of boats. Save for the tiny lanterns at the bows of the swaying gondolas, all else was darkness. Everywhere about was a forest of gleaming, polished prows; and the shadowy forms of the gondoliers stood poised like statues upon the sterns of the countless boats. There was a burst of music from the orchestra, and from ten score Venetian voices rose the wondrous song—

"Resta a godere, coppia fedel,
Dove le gioie ti serba l'amor"—

It was the Bridal Chorus. As the glad refrain rang across the waters of the Grand Canal, echoed from the marble walls of the ancient palaces and rolled out toward the heaving Adriatic, all the blemishes and ruin and pettiness that mark the city by

CITY OF PLEASURE AND PATHOS

day fell from her. Beneath the touch of the summer moon and the spell of the ravishing music, she became once more young and fair and queenly. Venice was a bride again!

THE END



A Map of Italy

INDEX

Roman numerals refer to chapters, Arabic to pages

- Alaric, 196
 Albornes, Cardinal, 126
 Alps, The, 182, 187, 189, 195
 Amalfi, 40, 174
 Angelico, Fra, 140, 165
 Antenor, 199
 Anthony, St., 200
 Arno, The, 157, 168, 170, 178
 ASSISI, VIII
 Castle, 125
 Cathedral, 122
 Forum, 121
 History, 120
 Portiuncula, 128
 San Damiano, 129
 San Francesco, 131
 San Pietro, 129
 Santa Chiara, 119
 Santa Maria Maggiore, 130
 Temple of Minerva, 121
 Via Superba, 123
 Atrani, 41
 Attila, 196
 Augustus, 136
 Aurelian, 59
 Bacchiglione, The, 199
 Baglioni, 123, 137
 Bartholomew, St., 194
 Bartolommeo, Fra, 166
 Beatrice, 169
 Bellagio, 188
 Bernini, 79
 BOLOGNA, 177 ff
 Cathedral, 179
 Piazza Victor Emmanuel, 178
 Towers, 181
 University, 180
 Bolsena, Miracle of, 140
 Borgia, Lucrezia, 107
 Borromean Isles, 183
 Bramante, 80
 Bridge of Augustus, 98
 Brunelleschi, 158
 Cæsar, Julius, 54
 Caligula, 56
 Cambio, Arnolfo di, 140
 Campione, 184
 Can Grande, 196
 Catherine, St., 149
 Catullus, 196
 Cecilia, St., 69
 Cellini, Benvenuto, 73, 168
 Celts, 185
 Ceres, 122
 Charlemagne, 102, 126, 178, 196
 Chaucer, 67
 Chiara, Santa, 199, 128 ff
 Clitumnus, 108
 Columbus, Christopher, 174
 Como, City, 186
 Lake, 185 ff
 Constantine, 196
 Cosimo I., 167
 Cyclopean masonry, 102
 Dante, 156, 168, 196, 201
 Dardanus, 121
 Diocletian, 122
 Donatello, 201
 Elmo, Sant', 4
 Etruscans, The, 102, 133, 139, 142,
 157, 178, 185
 Fiesole, 157
 Flaminian Way, 98, 99
 FLORENCE, 144, XI
 Baptistry, 159
 Campanile, 160
 Cathedral, 158
 Loggia dei Lanzi, 166
 Palazzo Vecchio, 166
 Piazza Victor Emmanuel, 167
 Ponte Vecchio, 160
 San Marco, 164
 FOLIGNO, 111

INDEX

- Frederick II.**, 179
Francis, St., 120, 127 ff, 200
Galileo, 201
Garibaldi, 5, 60, 78
Gattamelata, 200
GENOA, 173 ff
 Campo Santo, 176
 Cathedral, 175
 Columbus, Statue of, 174
 Palazzo Pallavicini, 176
 Port, 174
 Santissima Annunziata, 175
 Villetta di Negro, 175
Ghibellines, 153
Glottio, 158, 160, 168, 196, 201
Gothic architecture, 82, 148, 194
Goths, 185
Gozzoli, Benozzi, 115
Gregory VII., Pope, 71
Guelpha, 153

Hadrian, 70, 89
Hannibal, 178

Jonah, 68
Juliet, 198

LAKES, ITALIAN, XIII
Lippi, Filippo, 107
Livy, 201
Lombards, 106, 134, 178, 185
Lombardy, 182
Lorenzo the Magnificent, 108
Lo Spagna, 115
Lugano, Lake, 184

Machiavelli, 156
Maggiore, Lake, 183
Malori, 48
Mantegna, 201
Mark, St., 209
Maurizio, Monte San, 186
Michael Angelo, 80, 168
MILAN, 191 ff
 Cathedral, 193
 Galleria, 192
Minori, 88
Montaperti, Battle of, 149
MONTEFALCO, 112

NAPLES, I
 Beggars, 2
 Castello dell' Ovo, 12
 Custom House, 3
 Peddlers, 1, 8
 Pro Napoli Society, 6
 Royal Palace, 4
 Santa Lucia, 13
 Sant' Elmo, 4
 Via Roma, 13
 Villa Nazionale, 4, 10
Napoleon Bonaparte, 178, 196
NARNI, 97 ff
 Nera, The, 97 ff
 Nero, 56

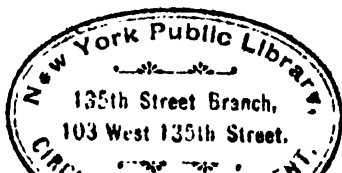
Orta, 97
ORVIETO, 139 ff
 Castle, 141
 Cathedral, 140
 Etruscan Tombs, 142
 Well of St. Patrick, 141

PADUA, 199 ff
 Gattamelata, Statue of, 200
 St. Anthony, Church of, 200
 Tomb of Antenor, 199
 Paolo Veronese, 196, 210
 Paul III., 138
PERUGIA, 124, 133 ff
 Arch of Augustus, 136
 Palazzo Pubblico, 137
 Streets, 136
 Perugino, 115
 Petrarch, 201
 Pinturicchio, 118
PISA, 170 ff
 Baptistry, 172
 Campanile, 172
 Campo Santo, 171
 Cathedral, 171
 Ponte, The, 173
 Pisano, Giovanni, 140
 Pliny, 186
POMPEII, 17 ff
 Comic Theater, 23
 Forum, 23
 House of the Vettii, 25
 Streets, 21
 Temple of Isis, 24
 Tragic Theater, 23
 Positano, 36

RAVELLO, 42 ff
ROME, IV, V, VI
 Applan Way, 62
 Arch of Drusus, 61
 Augustus, Temple of, 52
 Aurelian Walls, 60, 79
 Aventine Hill, 60
 Baths of Caracalla, 60
 Cæcilia Metella, Tomb of, 63
 Cafés, 88
 Caligula, Palace of, 52
 Campagna, 62

INDEX

- Capitoline Hill, 51
 Capuchin Cemetery, 75
 Catacombs of St. Calixtus, 65
 Circus of Maxentius, 63
 Colosseum, 51, 89
 Corso, 83
 Curia, 54
 Forum Romanum, 50
 Forum of Trajan, 59
 Forums of the Cæsars, 58
 Humbert I., Tomb of, 91
 Janiculum Hill, 49
 Marcus Aurelius, Column of, 88
 Palatine Hill, 55
 Pantheon, 80, 89, 121
 Piazza Colonna, 86
 Piazza Venezia, 91
 Pincian Hill, 49
 Regia, 54
 Romulus, Tomb of, 52
 St. Cecilia, 69
 St. Peter's, 78
 Sancta Maria Antiqua, 52
 Sant' Angelo, 70
 Santa Francesca Romana, 55
 Senate House, 54
 Seven Hills, The, 50
 Swiss Guard, 79
 Tiberius, Palace of, 56
 Trajan, Forum of, 59
 Trajan, Column of, 59
 Trevi, Fountain of, 95
 Vatican, 79
 Via Lata, 83
 Victor Emmanuel II., Monument of, 91
 Victor Emmanuel II., Tomb of, 91
 Romeo, 198
 Rufino, St., 122
 Salerno, Bay of, 35
 SAN GIMIGNANO, 151 ff, 181
 Castle, 152
 Towers, 153
 Saracens, 37
 Savonarola, 165
 Servius Tullius, 59
 SIENA, 144 ff
 Cathedral, 147
 House of St. Catherine, 149
 Mangia Tower, 147
 Palazzo Pubblico, 147
 Palio, 146
 Piazza Victor Emmanuel, 146
 Situation, 145
 Signorelli, Luca, 140
 SORRENTO, 32
 SPELLO, 115 ff
 Belvedere, 117
 Cathedral, 118
 Roman Gateway, 115
 SPOLETO, 102 ff
 Arch of Drusus, 104
 Castle, 106
 City Wall, 102
 Cathedral, 107
 Ponte delle Torri, 106
 Roman Bridge, 105
 Sant' Ansano, 105
 Stresa, 183
 Subasio, Monte, 118, 127
 Tasso, 201
 Tescio, River, 127
 Theodoric, 196
 Tiber, 125
 Tiberio d'Assisi, 115
 Tintoretto, 210
 Titian, 210
 Trappist Monks, 65
 TREVÌ, 109 ff
 TUSCANY, X, XI
 UMBRIA, VII, VIII, IX
 Urban IV., Pope, 140
 Valley of Spoleto, 101, 113, 117
 Vandals, 185
 Vasari, 156
 VENICE, XV
 Cemetery, 207
 Doge's Palace, 210
 Florian's, 204
 Gondolas, 208
 Grande Serenata, 213
 Piazza San Marco, 209
 St. Mark's, 209
 VERONA, 195 ff
 Amphitheater, 197
 Piazza Brà, 197
 Piazza Erbe, 197
 Santa Maria Antica, 197
 Tomb of Romeo and Juliet, 198
 Tomb of the Scaligers, 197
 Vespasian, 196
 VESUVIUS, 17 ff, 27 ff
 Victor Emmanuel II., 5, 60, 77, 91, 177, 198
 Victor Emmanuel III., 94



MS^{CH}



DEC 11 1940

DEC 11 1940

DEC 11 1940

DEC 11 1940